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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Our Armies Advance

The political side of the war is not going so well, but its military side is making magnificent progress. By August 16, the final capture of Sicily seemed to be only a matter of days, if not hours. The Russians were still advancing, though not with the spectacular speed of a few days earlier; their plans seemed to call for the seizure at the earliest possible moment of the whole Donets Basin. The air war against Germany gave signs of hurting her severely; the air war against Italy caused Badoglio to declare Rome an open city, though he had apparently made no attempt to fulfill the requirements of such an act by removing military installations and asking for a committee of neutrals to testify that this had been done. In the Pacific, we continued to advance against the Japanese, although we are still thousands of miles from Japan herself. There was evidence of a fresh land drive against the forces of Chungking, which brought some anxiety, although there was no reason to believe this attack had a better chance than its several predecessors all of which had been successfully repulsed. The progress of the war made it not unreasonable to guess that Germany might be crushed within another year and Japan before the end of 1946.

Manpower: Another Failure Coming

It is the fashion to say that the war effort has been bungled on the home front. Most of these charges are exaggerated for political reasons and some of them are false. It is a fact, however, that our handling of the manpower question has been shockingly bad. It is no answer to say that this is because we are a democracy; Great Britain is also a democracy and has fallen into hardly any of our long list of doleful errors. One of the worst of these is our habit of changing our policy ten times a month and announcing changes twice that often.

Now the problem has been "solved" again for the umpteenth time. The categories of deferment from military service have been made more restricted, in an effort to scare thousands of men from non-essential into essential jobs. This is an insult to their patriotism and a sad reflection on the patriotism of the officials who make army service the equivalent of a penal sentence instead of being the highest service a citizen can offer his country. We remember that a few months ago substantially the same scheme was tried. It didn't work then and there is no reason to believe that it will work now. One reason it doesn't work is that the man in a non-deferrable industry doesn't know where to go to get a deferrable job, hasn't any resources on which to live while making the jump, has housing obligations that he can't get out of and has a well justified fear that he won't be able to get decent living accommodations in the new place. Quite possibly he could get into war work without moving from his house; but he doesn't know this.

Every other country in the world has a national service act which orders men and women into the jobs where they can best help meet the national emergency. In Great Britain, this compulsion is about to be applied to women between 46 and 50 and they are talking in dead earnest of sending 16-year-old boys down into the coal mines. It is quite true, as the opponents of an American national service act point out, that we have

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not made proper use of voluntary methods in this country as yet. It begins to look discouragingly as though we did not have enough brains and backbone for these voluntary methods, and as though universal compulsion applied to both men and women were the only alternative.

How to Prevent Race Riots

Reliable reports from many parts of the United States say that a repetition of the Los Angeles and Detroit riots is possible at any moment in any one of fifteen or twenty places. Overcrowding, lack of recreational facilities, large migration of persons, whether white or black, from one part of the country to another, shortages of civilian goods, comparatively high pay and comparatively easy employment, the deadly work of native fascists and Axis propagandists, have all combined to create an explosive situation. Yet so far as we can learn, in most cities nothing is being done about it. The press, perhaps with good motives but certainly with mistaken judgment, maintains a conspiracy of silence until the shooting actually begins. Municipal authorities, while rarely as incompetent and timid as those of Detroit, seldom show true courage and initiative.

Some of the things that ought to be done are quite obvious. Here are a few:

1. Create in every city an inter-racial committee composed of the outstanding community leaders of every group that might come into conflict with any other group. Make the mayor and the chief of police ex-officio members. Meet frequently and hear reports of trouble or impending trouble in every part of the city.

2. Make special efforts to see that exorbitant prices for food, clothing and rent are prevented in the districts where the danger is greatest.

3. Encourage the press to investigate continuously the sore spots, with able reporters assigned to tell both sides, or all sides, of stories of conflict. Nothing is worse than for any element to feel it has a grievance to which nobody will listen.

4. Take drastic steps to improve and increase recreational facilities.

There are many other things that can be done to canalize the ugly emotions that set men to killing each other in a senseless orgy of murder. What is needed is an active desire at the top that such an orgy shall not take place—a desire which, unhappily, has been missing in some cities.

Too Good to Be True

The report, which immediately turned out to be false, that Carlo Sforza and Gaetano Salvemini, the distinguished anti-Fascists, had arrived in London from America was obviously too good to be true. In the first place it would have contradicted one of the provisions of Amgot which states that no "exiles" will be employed in the "liberation" of the Italian people. In the second place it would fly in the face of the careful Anglo-American efforts not to encourage the democratic impulses in Italy.

Mr. Hobbs Would Shoot Them

Rep. Sam Hobbs has introduced a bill which, without meaning to, would go some distance toward losing the war. He proposes the death penalty for anybody who turns out goods of inferior quality for the fighting forces. No one would dispute the fact that the weapons used by our men all over the world must be of the highest quality, and that no punishment is too severe for anybody who, for the sake of a profit, would supply them with inferior goods. Yet it is still true that the standards set by the army and navy are sometimes impossibly and unreasonably high, and that if the manufacturer does not have a slight leeway, he cannot turn out the goods in sufficient quantity.

For example let us say that a given type of steel, to be absolutely safe, should have a tensile factor of ten. The army, to avoid any doubt, demands a factor of sixty. The navy demands a factor of fifty-seven. The army puts in a big rush order and it is only possible to meet the requirements by giving them steel with a factor of fifty-seven. This is still five and seven-tenths times the reasonable limit of safety; yet the men who did this job would all be executed under the terms of the Hobbs bill. The instance quoted is hypothetical yet it parallels accurately some recent much publicized disclosures. It is possible to be too strict as well as too lenient.

Palestine After the War

From Washington come reports that would be unbelievable if they were not well authenticated. These reports say that the British and American governments are about to launch a joint statement virtually forbidding the Jews all over the world to discuss publicly their future hopes regarding Palestine.

It will be remembered that in 1939 the Chamberlain government issued the MacDonald White Paper. This said that for the next five years only 75,000 Jews would be permitted to enter Palestine annually. At the end of that time, further Jewish immigration must cease entirely unless a majority of the Arabs voted in favor of continuing. It is a foregone conclusion that the Arabs would vote No, if only for the blackmail power such a vote would give them. Winston Churchill in '39 denounced this agreement as a violation of good faith, and he was right.

You might assume that the new move—crushing hope of any change in the MacDonald policy—would be inspired by the British and would have at best only the reluctant consent of the American government; but we are reliably informed that this is not true. The impetus for this move comes from sources in the Amer-

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ican State Department that are hostile to the Jewish hopes. They are the same sources, presumably, that did not lift a finger to prevent Giraud from abrogating the Crémieux decree and thus taking away their legal status from thousands of Jews in North Africa. Drew Pearson in his syndicated column says that the new action is primarily the work of three men—Assistant Secretary Adolf A. Berle Jr., Wallace Murray, best known as the outstanding champion of the King of Italy, and Harold Hoskins (who has now left the Department for the army), who was raised in Syria.

If the two governments make the joint declaration, it will be to appease the Arabs. It is quite true that the Arabs have proved highly susceptible to Nazi propaganda and the Jews, naturally, have not; but surely by now we have had enough appeasement of our enemies or potential enemies to know that it does not work. We agree with Rep. Emanuel Celler (D, N. Y.) who says: "The lessons of history seem unavailing. Our scrap iron and oil did not appease Japan. Our appeasement of Vichy and Pétain gave us Laval. Our diplomacy with Franco and his Falange and with Argentina has been artless and childish. They play and continue to play ducks and drakes with us." If we did not need to appease the Arabs when Rommel was at the gates of Alexandria, there is no necessity to do so now, when the Axis is in full retreat throughout the Middle East. Certainly such a document as the British and American governments are planing would be a moral disaster of the first magnitude.

Smearing the FCC

The most terrifying thing in recent years in connection with our government is the Cox-Federal Communications Commission affair. As most people know, the FCC caught Rep. Eugene Cox of Georgia in what looked (and still looks) like a flagrant violation of the federal statute forbidding members of Congress to act for private clients before governmental agencies. In any country with a proper regard for law and order, Mr. Cox would have been tried, and if found guilty, punished. But instead, the House of Representatives decided to investigate the FCC, and actually made Cox chairman of the committee to do the investigating. This was partly because Cox has many friends in the House whose public standards are no higher than his own, and partly because the FCC regulates the big broadcasting chains, which are politically powerful. Editorials, hostile to the FCC, have recently appeared in such widely read magazines as The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's Weekly, although The Post had the grace to retract when it discovered the kind of man it was shielding when it inferentially supported Cox.

The hearings before the Cox Committee have now been in progress for some time and they give a terrifying example of lynch law by a congressional body. The FCC is hampered at every turn. Its members have been forced to testify in secret, without counsel, and without being allowed to see a transcript of the testimony. A subcommitee, with Rep. E. J. Hart of New Jersey in the chair, has been as disgracefully unjust to witnesses as Mr. Cox himself could be. The subcommittee professes to be greatly alarmed because the FCC tried to prevent foreign-language radio stations in the United States from making broadcasts in the interest of the Axis, through speakers who were fascist sympathizers. For our part, and apparently unlike Messrs. Cox and Hart, we think it would have been a disgrace if the FCC had permitted such broadcasts to continue.

The Cox Committee is also engaged in propaganda of its own which may be illegal and is certainly improper. The New York Herald Tribune reports receiving an unsigned statement on a letterhead of the committee which does its best to smear the FCC. The Herald Tribune says the document has "illiteracy for which even a congressman might hesitate to be responsible," and calls it "about as disreputable a piece of shyster propaganda as could be imagined." "Backstairs propaganda," says The Herald Tribune, "is just as unlovely when it comes under the letterhead of a congressional committee as when it comes under that of an administration agency, a private corporation or an enemy agent. If this is the best our congressmen can do, one is strongly inclined to suggest that a congressional investigation of Congress might be as useful a place to begin as any other." To which one can only say, Amen.

Carmack in The Christian Science Monitor

Next Conference at the Brenner Pass?

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A Chance in New Jersey

Progressives in New Jersey at last have a candidate they can stand up and cheer about. He is Vincent Murphy, now Mayor of Newark, who has the Democratic nomination for Governor, running against a dreary old Republican wheelhorse, Walter Edge. Mr. Murphy is secretary of the State Federation of Labor, and has the backing of all the good progressives, including the AFL, the CIO and Gov. Charles Edison. In theory, he also has the support of Boss Hague; but Hague's hurrahs are such pipsqueaks as to point to the irresistible conclusion that he would prefer to see the Democrats defeated rather than to have them win with an honest man who through his honesty automatically becomes anti-Hague. Murphy deserves to win; and he will win, if the New Jersey progressives don't content themselves with just talking a good fight.

How Many Hours Underground?

The New Republic recently pointed out that portal-to-portal pay for coal miners, about which this country has lately been disputing, is universal, in one form or another, throughout the rest of the civilized world. We are also the only important country which permits a man to spend more than eight hours a day underground, no matter whether he is working or getting to or from the face of the coal. Inevitably, social progress will bring us soon to the attitude that is now found everywhere else. Meanwhile, it would be an excellent idea if American mine owners would begin to keep their books in such a way as to make it clear how long their men are underground. At present there is no way of finding out this important fact.

Conference without Russia

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that the latest meeting between the President and the Prime Minister has aroused substantially less interest than their previous ones had done. The fact is a benchmark to measure our progress toward a successful culmination of the war. When Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill first met, it was still legitimate to question whether we would win the war at all. Their successive meetings represent a history of the changing climate of opinion from asking whether we could survive until today the only real question is how long our foes can hold out and what is the most expeditious method of bringing them to their knees.

We do not propose to wring our hands over Russia's absence from the new conference. We should prefer to see Russia and China present as full partners in every meeting, but there are special problems presented by the fact that Russia is not at war with Japan, and proposes to avoid war if she possibly can, at least until after Germany has surrendered. It is clear that an important subject of the present conference is Anglo-American strategy against Japan, and that Russia would not knowingly participate in such conversations. When she says she was not invited, presumably she means that, being notified in advance of the character of the conference, she indicated that she would refuse an invitation if one were extended. In the technique of diplomacy, no one is ever invited publicly to do anything unless he has already indicated privately that he will say yes. It should have been possible, however, to have two conferences, one dealing with Japan and the other not. It would have been desirable then to make every possible effort to obtain the presence of Russian representatives at the second of these conferences. For the thing of overwhelming importance in the world today is that the Western Allies and Russia should come to an understanding.

Without exception, the gravest problems with which Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt have to deal are those growing out of Russia's participation in the war. The painful truth is that we are still very far from acting in concert with her and as we come nearer to a successful termination of the fighting war, we diverge more and more as to the war of diplomacy. The fundamental reason is that Mr. Stalin differs profoundly from Mr. Churchill as to the kind of Europe he wants to see after the war. Mr. Roosevelt goes along with Mr. Churchill. In all objectivity, it must be said that Mr. Stalin's ideas, in so far as they can be judged now, seem closer to democracy than those of Mr. Churchill, and bear little resemblance to the ideas practised in Russia in the last twenty-five years. In particular, the Russians, despairing of the Anglo-Americans' taking a firm ideological line in their propaganda, one which employs reasonable promises as well as threats to break down the enemy, are going ahead by themselves. That is why we begin to hear from our own Russophobes dark mutterings that we had better get to Berlin before Stalin does. That is why, too, there is such sting in the acid comments from Moscow that we are not yet carrying our fair share of the burden, that while we engage a handful of German divisions around the periphery of Southern Europe, the Russians must face and overcome fifty times as many, two-thirds of the entire Reichswehr.

True, we are giving Russia enormous help in the form of Lend-Lease. True, for us to open the Mediterranean to our supply ships advantaged her greatly, True, the threat of invasion across the Channel, which has suddenly become so much more serious—in the newspapers—the past few days, pins down large German forces in the West. True, our air raids are doing Germany substantial harm. But it is also true that Russian losses are at least thirty times greater than ours (including our losses against Japan) and that we are fighting a slow and careful war, never striking until we are sure of decided superiority at the place struck.

Our treatment of Italy must seem to the Russians

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an example of blundering and wasteful warfare, due partly to the fact that we have no clear ideological line. First we demand unconditional surrender and then General Eisenhower makes a broadcast implying very clearly that terms may be had. President Roosevelt says we will have no truck with fascism, while Mr. Churchill seemed to think that Mussolini was the only villain in the play. We actively discourage the Italian liberals and radicals from taking power, although they would be happy to surrender and to bring Italy into the war on our side. We encourage the continuance in office of the neo-Fascist Badoglio and the proto-Fascist king, although they have less reason to surrender than anybody else in Italy. It is quite possible that instant, bold and aggressive action at the moment of Mussolini's downfall might have knocked Italy out of the war and thrown the Balkans into our lap. Instead, we vacillated, didn't know our own minds, didn't know what we wanted. When you dislike liberals and radicals instinctively but are publicly bound to dislike Fascists, it is no wonder that you wriggle like a worm on a hook.

Again, the fact that nobody knows just what we are fighting for, or what kind of war this is—except one of sheer self-defense against Axis aggression—has trapped us into a humiliating public exhibition of incompetence before the eyes of a world that would laugh at us if our pockets were not so disconcertingly stuffed with guns and wheat. In August, we are prepared to recognize the French National Committee as a de-facto government. But these are the same men and they hold the same principles as in May or March or January. If August, why not January? The world knows but one answer: a liberal and sensible course is followed only after not very liberal and sensible men have tried every other.

It is absurd to say that the President and the Prime Minister are now planning what to do next, after our military time-table in Sicily has outrun itself. These military problems are for military experts, not for enthusiastic amateurs like Mr. C. and Mr. R. What they are dealing with is the diplomacy of the war and the peace. We hope that in their discussions they will keep a few facts in mind. First, you can't preserve the status quo merely by wishing for it; if Mr. Churchill does not recognize that the world has changed, he or his successor will be forced to do so by the logic of events. Second, Russia will have a powerful role to play in the remaking of Europe, and especially if we continue to let her carry the chief burden of the war. Decisions taken in her absence and against her wishes are a waste of time, since they will be invalidated by the veto. Third, the inarticulate, patient, much-suffering masses of the world have a quiet deep strength which, in the long run, will prove irresistible. Three years ago, it looked as though fascism would destroy democracy throughout the world and would rule this planet for perhaps a hundred years. That danger is now past. But it has a successor: the danger that half-hearted democracy, the democracy which, like that of the slave states of ancient Greece, works only for special races and special classes within the race, may seek to perpetuate itself. It may do so for a little while, but the tides of history are against it. The President and the Prime Minister will be well advised to go with those tides.

Corn—And Two Kinds of Hog

ONE FACT about the food situation which must make farmers, their trade associations and their representatives in Congress happy is this: they are, usually, the only people in the country who know enough about corn and pigs to discuss them with seeming authority. This is a highly enviable position, enjoyed by no other group in the country. All other groups must be careful about their statements, because their opponents are ready to spring at the first string of bombastic nonsense to issue from the public-relations office. But the farm bloc talks from the clouds. Its words come down to the rest of us like claps of thunder, and we can only listen. Of late, the thunder has shaken the earth, and we mortals may be pardoned if we wonder whether the storm justifies the noise.

Much of the noise has centered about corn and hogs, and the gist of the farm bloc's argument is this: farmers can obtain more money by feeding their corn to hogs than by selling it in grain markets, and therefore they are not so foolish as to ship it to market, where it is urgently needed in war production; hence, the way to obtain more corn at terminals is to remove the ceilings over the grain, letting prices advance to their natural level in relation to the value of corn in hogs. One of the protagonists of this argument is the corn-refining industry, which must mark the first time in history that an industry has publicly demanded higher prices for its raw materials. Are the refiners doing so, do you suppose, because they wish to lose money on their operations or because they hope that, once the ceilings on corn are cracked, they may reasonably argue that ceilings on their finished goods must also be smashed?

Off-hand, the farm bloc's argument looks good. The ceiling on corn (No. 2 yellow) at Chicago is $1.07 a bushel, and maximums at other cities are a differential of this base price. The average price of hogs at Chicago has been fluctuating around $14 per 100 pounds. (The government has just set a minimum price of $13.75 per 100 pounds and a maximum of $14.75.) It is roughly figured that one bushel of corn will put ten pounds of weight on a live hog. Thus when corn is stuffed into a vociferous pig it has a theoretical value of about $1.40 a bushel. As the farm bloc sums it up: corn is worth $1.07 as grain and $1.40 as pork; who wouldn't feed it to hogs at a profit of 33 cents a bushel?

Yet there is something loose floating around in this

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barnyard economics. Because if the ceilings should be removed to permit prices to rise, it follows that corn prices, when unrestrained, invariably are in line with the theoretical value of corn in hogs. Does the record indicate that they are? Well, a year ago at this time hogs were selling at approximately the same average price as today. There were no ceilings on corn. Presumably, therefore, the corn price should have been around $1.40 a bushel. Was it? It was not. The price of No. 2 yellow corn at Chicago in August, 1942, ranged from 83 to 88½ cents a bushel. Thus the price of corn was further below its theoretical value in hogs during the period of free economy than it is now that the "bungling bureaucrats" have taken over.

The profit involved in feeding corn to hogs is measured by the corn-hog ratio, which is compiled weekly for Chicago by the Department of Agriculture. This ratio in the week ended August 7 was 12.7 to 1, while a year ago it was 16.5 to 1. This means that 100 pounds of live hog today are worth 12.7 bushels of corn, while a year ago they were worth 16.5 bushels of corn. Here is further proof that it was more profitable to feed corn to hogs a year ago than it is now. If the price of corn invariably was in line with the theoretical value of corn in hogs, this ratio would remain constant at 10 to 1. Actually, it fluctuates very widely. It is at the 10-to-1 level only long enough to cross it, going up or going down. Since the start of the war it has always been above 10 to 1—meaning that the market price of corn has not once been equal to its theoretical value in hogs, regardless of whether there were or were not ceilings over the grain.

Although it was more profitable to feed corn to hogs a year ago than it is today, there was no shortage in the movement of the grain to market. Farmers obtained a lower price last year than they do now, but they nevertheless sold their grain. This was not because there was more corn on the farms last year than there is today. Actually, there was less. Stocks on farms on July 1 this year, according to the Department of Agriculture, totaled 812,692,000 bushels, which was 52,640,000 bushels more than at the same time last year and 261,938,00 bushels above the 10-year average (1932-41) for the date. Despite the political clamoring, the OPA "professors" have not "mismanaged" us into a corn scarcity, nor has their "inexperience" set ceilings on corn so low that farmers find it enormously profitable to feed the grain to hogs.

The corn which normally is shipped to terminals is so-called surplus corn—in other words, the grain in excess of the individual farmer's own livestock feeding requirements. The farmer can't feed this surplus corn to livestock, because he doesn't have the livestock to eat it. He must sell it. And it is this corn which is being held on the farms at the present time. It is being withheld simply because the farmer is on strike. He hopes that by starving the commercial markets, at the same time that his trade associations and congressmen howl that the OPA "youngsters" are responsible for the impasse, enough pressure will be aroused to crack the price ceilings.

The farmer, of course, has no moral justification for a strike which is hampering war and food industries at a time when the country is engaged in a world war. Equally important, he has no price justification—the corn ceilings permit him to obtain a price for his grain which he has contended for years was a just price, and all that he ever desired. The farmer has long asserted that what he wanted for his product was parity—a price which would give him a purchasing power, a balance between the value of the goods he sells and the goods he buys, equivalent to that which he enjoyed in the years from 1909 to 1914, a favorable period for agriculture. Today corn is selling above parity. The Department of Agriculture has reported the national average parity price on July 15 was $1.06 a bushel and the actual price on farms was $1.08. In contrast, on July 15, 1942, prior to "misrule" from Washington, parity was 98 cents and actual price 83 cents a bushel.

The farm bloc's ability to place the onus of the corn strike upon the government is an outstanding example of effective propaganda. The country is stuffed with corn, but the public believes there is a shortage; the profit in feeding corn to hogs is small and lower than last year, but the public believes it is enormous; the corn which always comes to market is surplus corn in excess of requirements to feed livestock, but the public believes there are always hogs into which farmers can stuff corn; the price of corn on the farm is above parity, but the public believes OPA ceilings have been set too low; the farmer is striking for an unfair price, but the public believes government regulations are unfair to the farmer. When it comes to real, good, honest, down-to-earth hokum, let us doff our hats to our country cousin. He can take it out of the city slickers any day.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Willkie in 1943

DID THE LIBERALS who opposed Wendell Willkie in 1940 misjudge him? Since the war began, his public record has, in their eyes, been brilliant. Not merely has he gone far ahead of his own party in his attitude toward international affairs and preparations for peace; he has at crucial points said the right thing when Mr. Roosevelt himself either failed to say it or by the action of his administration seemed to be going in the wrong direction. It may be that when he ran for President in 1940, Mr. Willkie was a rough diamond needing only to be cut and polished by maturity in public life. Since he is a candidate for renomination, it is well to have another look at him.

His trip around the world by plane, talking to the British in Africa, the Turks, the Persians, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, and his book, "One World," recounting his experiences, constitute of course the chief claim he has presented for rehabilitation. They show him to be a keen observer who can size up situations and men quickly. His hearty, friendly attitude no doubt was a major contribution to Allied prestige at the time of his journey. Above all else, his conclusions, presented without political hedging or attempts to look both ways, are those which appeal to imaginative men of good will.

He knows that the world is now so small that isolationism is dead. Imperialism must die with it, in view of the aspirations of the masses everywhere for self-government and a better life. He understands that we must reckon with Russia and China as great peoples; closer unity in the councils of war and peace ought to be achieved. He is outspoken against dealing with fascists even for apparent expediency. He even, in discussing racial discrimination, speaks frankly of our own shortcomings at home, in our treatment of the Negro.

All this constitutes a spectacular coup for a Republican candidate. The trip won him thousands of headlines, and "One World" is being read by millions. If it should appear to American voters that we want as President a man who can maintain cordial relations with China and Soviet Russia (but one who looks askance at British colonial administrators), Mr. Willkie would be an obvious choice—it was he who suggested that Madame Chiang Kai-shek make her good-will tour to this country. It seems to qualify him as a man who knows what the war is about and can be entrusted with the peace.

Mr. Willkie deserves the attention of American liberals in what he has refrained from doing as well as in what he has done. After Pearl Harbor, when there was a strong demand for national unity, he declined to press the demand for any sort of political coalition, and remained aloof from official connection with the administration, in order to retain freedom for criticism. But he has used that freedom with discretion, while most of his party representatives have sadly abused it. The record of Republican leaders in combining with reactionary Democrats to torpedo what remains of the New Deal, to snipe at progressives in the administration and to turn all annoyances arising from management of the war economy into hostility toward the administration is written bold. But Mr. Willkie has not helped to make this record. His abstention from making cheap capital at the expense of the man who is almost certain to be his opponent if he is nominated, and his contribution to national unity by this abstention, shine brightly in contrast to the behavior of his party.

The natural question is whether all this, plus his defense of civil liberties—in the courts as well as in kind words—and his frequently expressed belief in the rights of minorities, represent real convictions rather than merely a successful publicity campaign. But the natural question is the wrong one, because it is too simple. There is reason to think that no such alternative exists. On the one hand, there is plenty in Mr. Willkie's past to indicate that he does believe what he says, and that he believed the same things or others compatible with them long before he ever ran for public office. He was a supporter of Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations. He has long been an advocate of democracy and civil liberties, and has frequently sought the good opinion of liberals. He has written articles for The New Republic in behalf of minority rights. On the other hand, he has experience in public relations, and, like many successful politicians, is perfectly capable of exploiting his sincere beliefs to gain public favor.

This is exactly what he did first as counsel and then as chairman of Commonwealth and Southern. It is well to remember that in these capacities he was acting not as business man or engineer hired for administrative skill or technical knowledge, and not as the kind of lawyer who has special prowess in litigation. He was rather a "front man" useful in dealing with Congress, commissions and public administrators at a time when utility holding companies were fighting for their lives. Mr. Willkie's value to Commonwealth and Southern was precisely that he was not a tight-lipped, hide-bound conservative, with a record of inherited wealth or financial chicanery, but a rumple-haired, simple-hearted boy from Indiana who might make such a company seem friendly and harmless.

The good reason which liberals had for opposing

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him was that he played this role so well. Commonwealth and Southern was not as a matter of fact one of the "better" utilities—it had a shady record in finance, in corruption of public opinion, in labor relations, in the fight against public control, lower rates and the TVA. Mr. Willkie's undoubtedly sincere beliefs on the liberal side of many of these issues served not so much to alter its practices as to give them a protective coloration. He himself was prominent in using the liberal philosophy to defend the "rights" and "freedom" of great exploitative super-corporations, just as spokesmen of the Confederacy had earlier employed it to maintain the rights of slave states and slaveholders. He seemed to have a peculiar facility in using fair words to advance foul deeds, without any critical capacity for distinguishing between pragmatic results, for seeing that the important job was not to defend freedom in the abstract, but to ask whose freedom to do what should have the right of way.

Mr. Willkie is of course not working any longer for Commonwealth and Southern or, so far as we know, for any utility interests. He would probably give a good deal to have that part of his career forgotten. There is no reason to believe that at present he is representing any pressure group. We can safely take him at his self-valuation as a free lance who says and does what he wants. But undoubtedly Mr. Willkie is working for a man who wants intensely to be nominated and elected President of the United States and, by force of circumstances, to be so nominated and elected as a candidate of the Republican Party.

Without questioning the sincerity of his statements, it is interesting to analyze him in just these terms. Mr. Willkie is obviously not trying to conciliate the powerful reactionary or isolationist forces in his own party, but rather to take it by storm, just as he did last time. Other men with his ambition have exhibited the rightward tendencies of a Taft, the cautiousness in national affairs of a Dewey, or the watery colorlessness of a Bricker. Aside from the fact that Mr. Willkie is not a good enough actor to play any of these roles with success, it is safe to assume that he has a plan of action consistent with his behavior. And there are credible rumors concerning what that plan is.

He knows that if the leaders of his party thought they could win with anybody else, they would never permit his nomination. That was true in 1940, and could scarcely be altered by anything Mr. Willkie could do now. They will think they can win without him if Mr. Roosevelt does not run again, or possibly if he does run again, the war is ended and there is a strong conservative groundswell in the country which wants the 1944 equivalent of a "return to normalcy." But if Mr. Roosevelt runs again and the people are in a progressive mood, the only candidate who would have a Chinaman's chance against him would be one who might beat him at his own game.

Mr. Willkie is angling for the vote which put Mr. Roosevelt into power and has kept him there. That is not the Solid South, which will support any Democratic nominee but falls far short of a majority. It is not the Republican conservative backbone, which will vote the Republican ticket come hell or high water, and also falls short of a majority. It is the Northern industrial workers, the dissatisfied or progressive farmers, the lower or middle-income classes, the Negroes and the independent progressives who find natural allies in these groups and have done much to provide leadership of their opinions. These voters also would fall short of a majority if they voted alone, but they can pile up an overwhelming majority if they vote together for any Democratic or Republican candidate.

With such of these voters as remain progressive in their tendency, Mr. Roosevelt has always been strong, but in his third term he has come close to overdrawing this account. He and his advisers have seemed to take progressive support for granted and have rather devoted their efforts to winning converts from Democratic and Republican opponents of the New Deal. Mr. Willkie has thus been offered the chance of trying to prove to liberals that he would be a better representative of their aspirations for a new and better world. He would not need to win nearly all of them to be elected. If he could start with the dependable Republican vote, and add to it the miscellany of those who have become disgruntled for good or bad reasons, a few hundred thousand convinced progressives might turn the trick.

How successful has Mr. Willkie's strategy been to date? The Gallup polls give us some indication of that.

These polls indicate that while Mr. Willkie is not quite so strong among Republican voters as Mr. Dewey, he is far more popular than any other Republican among those who might conceivably shift their allegiance from Mr. Roosevelt. There has been a defection of farmers from Mr. Roosevelt, admittedly for other than progressive reasons, but Mr. Willkie would benefit by it. In 1940 they were 54 percent for Roosevelt, 46 percent for Willkie. Now they are 50-50, with Willkie leading outside the Solid South. Willkie has even made a slight inroad into the labor vote, which in 1940 stood Roosevelt 65 percent, Willkie 35 percent, and is now Roosevelt 64 percent.

If the election were held today, however, Willkie would be overwhelmingly defeated—as would any other Republican. Roosevelt, who scored 54 percent of the popular vote against him in 1940, would now have 59 percent. This is pretty clearly due to the fact that the war is still on and many who would be against the President on domestic issues support him abroad. It is significant that he has gained markedly among voters in the upper income brackets, has just held his own in the middle incomes, and has lost slightly in the lower. Apparently most of the Roosevelt voters who like

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Willkie better than other Republicans are not yet ready to shift. If the war were to end before the election, however, a dramatic change might conceivably take place. Those with the higher incomes who support the President's foreign policy would doubtless be cool toward an isolationist Republican, but if Willkie were nominated they would probably return to their natural Republican allegiance. The drift away from Roosevelt in the lower brackets would probably be intensified at the same time, if Willkie continued to emphasize his progressivism and Roosevelt continued to evince a lack of interest in domestic reform and post-war planning.

Whatever his motives, there is some public virtue in the fact that Mr. Willkie is betting on a continuation and strengthening of progressive views among the voters who hold the balance of power, at a time when Mr. Roosevelt is apparently betting on a conservative reaction. This is likely to have its effect ultimately on Republican policy and perhaps on the President's tendency as well. Many in New Deal circles have become defeatist about progressive aims, shaking their heads over the apparent return to conservatism in the country, and urging surrender at almost every point. Mr. Willkie, on the contrary, knows that his one chance is to appear a better and more effective progressive than has Mr. Roosevelt.

It will of course be pointed out that in recent months Mr. Willkie has been a free agent, with no responsibility for the exercise of power and no need to conciliate opponents in the practical business of government. The real question is not whether we now like what he says better than what Mr. Roosevelt does, but whether what he would do as a Republican President would be better than what Mr. Roosevelt is doing or would do if reëlected. Would the stupid Republican organization then take the place of Commonwealth and Southern as Mr. Willkie's employer, an employer whom he could not change, but would try to present to the public as better than it is?

The progressive voters, if actually presented with the alternative would be obliged to make a very shrewd judgment indeed. Under our present party alignment, both parties are either better or worse than they seem to be if judged by the President alone. A progressive Democratic President always has the incubus of the Southern reactionaries in his party. If the Republicans are well disciplined enough to oppose him solidly he cannot make much head against Congress except in a great crisis such as deep depression or war—and, as recent events have shown, not always in war. A conservative Democratic President would likewise be opposed by many congressmen in his own party. So would a conservative Republican, if national affairs went badly. A progressive Republican President would have the help of one bi-party coalition in Congress and the opposition of another (*vide* the first Roosevelt). It is this situation which permits the United States to inch along in progressive measures, but almost never to go as rapidly as progressives would like. While on the whole the Republicans have the appearance of being the conservative party, when in power they usually retain most of the fundamental reforms made by their predecessors and sometimes make a few of their own. And the Democratic Party is never so effectively progressive as its more leftward spokesmen would make it appear.

Mr. Willkie is reported to believe that if elected he could handle this situation better than Mr. Roosevelt can. He would bring to the surface and mobilize the more advanced elements in his own party, and thus, with the progressive Democrats in Congress, be able to maintain a majority. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is continually frustrated by a hostile congressional majority, because when the Republicans are out of power the conservative party organization is able to hold together most of the Republican representatives in Congress to vote against him. Neither candidate can count on the Southern reactionaries in any case. It is better, according to this view, to have a Republican President appeasing progressives than a Democratic President appeasing conservatives—that is, if the Republican really sympathizes with the aims of those he appeases.

And here comes the final question, which is the most difficult of all to answer. Mr. Willkie is undoubtedly progressive in international affairs, undoubtedly sincere in his belief in democracy and old-fashioned liberalism as outlined in the Bill of Rights. But in his last campaign he devoted most of his efforts to defending "private enterprise" and the freedom of business, big as well as little, from government control. He gave little sign of understanding that in economic and social terms this leads straight to what he pretends to abhor—undemocratic plutocracy at home and imperialism abroad. If we are to have one world, and a new world for the common man, we cannot rely on the nineteenth-century utopianism of laissez-faire. Almost nobody in this country wants to substitute for it government dictatorship of everything. But all over the world it is recognized that a way must be found to socialize the economic order—at least in the sense of favoring expansion rather than restriction of output and a more equal distribution of the product.

Mr. Willkie is intelligent enough to know that this problem will, after the war, dominate all others in both domestic and international affairs. He actually discussed it at length in both Russia and China. In his talks with Chiang Kai-shek he apparently understood the necessity of governmental leadership in economic affairs and approved a mixed system which, while it did not abolish private enterprise, still did not rely solely on it. He approved such a system, that is, for China. What does he suggest for the United States? We are still waiting to hear his present views on this critical subject.

GEORGE SOULE

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Four Post-War Essentials

MOST WASHINGTON OBSERVERS believe that the Republicans at their forthcoming Mackinac Island conference will adopt a strong plank for international collaboration. The logic of events points that way. To follow Colonel McCormick would mean party ruin, and this is so obvious that an isolationist stand is almost certainly ruled out. Most observers understand that a party platform doesn't mean anything very much anyway; back in 1920 the Republican plank was all right—it was Warren Gamaliel Harding who was wrong.

But what is not often stated is that America's international role will depend, very largely, on her own internal economic well-being. It has been so in the past and is apt to be so in the future. It is the thesis of this article that post-war political collaboration will not by itself bring world peace unless America also adopts economic reforms at home, and that a presidential candidate who advocates international collaboration abroad, but at the same time demands economic back-to-normalcy at home, is really straddling two self-contradicting proposals. In short, that after the war, as now, the domestic and foreign fronts are indivisible.

There are four main steps in this reasoning: The post-war world needs America's economic collaboration just as much as her political collaboration; economic collaboration is not feasible without domestic prosperity; domestic prosperity hinges on full employment, full production and an economy of abundance, and an economy of abundance requires a degree of governmental balance incompatible with old-fashioned unrestrained "free enterprise."

There will be little dispute with the first proposition, that the world needs America's economic help as much as her political help. The United States is the world's biggest exporter; its second largest importer. The world can't get on without American markets, American dollars. Russia and China need our machinery and technical skill, Europe needs food, Britain needs our aid to restore monetary stabilization. Every nation looks to America. The difference between chaos and recovery in dozens of countries hinges on America's willingness to take goods, make loans and give assistance.

That leads to the second proposition: America's willingness to coöperate abroad is tied up with her prosperity at home. Professor J. B. Condliffe (in his "Agenda for a Post-War World," W. W. Norton) puts it this way:

> A strong and prosperous United States is the most important contribution that Americans can make to the reorganization of the post-war world. . . . From many points of view the maintenance of employment and national income in the United States, and to a less extent in Great Britain, is the key to the whole world problem.

Why is this so? Well, just to cite one thing, when the United States gets the economic jitters it has a habit of reaching for the tariff bottle. If America remains prosperous we may avoid this calamity.

In March, 1921, a post-war Republican Congress put through an "emergency tariff" act. It was promptly vetoed by Wilson, who said, "If we wish to have Europe settle her debts, governmental or commercial, we must be prepared to buy from her." Wilson's advice was disregarded and the Fordney-McCumber Act was passed in September, 1922, with higher rates than ever before. Then in turn the Hoover depression was ushered in with the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act of 1930, which set up a Chinese wall unique in modern times. If this did not actually precipitate the Second World War, at least it produced twenty-five retaliatory tariffs in two years. To bring the matter down to the present, the post-war hope of keeping the Hull reciprocal trade agreements intact, which Congress this spring ominously extended for only two, instead of the usual three years, depends in part on America's internal prosperity.

In any event, prosperous or not, Congress, of course, may welcome the new Armistice by slapping on an emergency tariff, as it tried to do in Wilson's time—but economic well-being should help to avoid it. If millions of post-war Americans are hungry, cold and unemployed, the first cry will be for protective tariffs to head off imports of "cheap foreign labor." Post-war generosity in a dozen directions will be facilitated, by domestic well-being. Settlement of Lend-Lease claims, food for the starving in China and Europe, loans and economic assistance will hinge on the state of affairs at home. The Chicago Tribune's cry that America is "playing Santa Claus to the world" will certainly win a wider audience if the United States goes into an economic tailspin.

That raises proposition three: Domestic prosperity depends on full employment and production, and on an economy of abundance.

The point here is that America isn't really prosperous if she reverts to the violent pre-war economic fluctuations and the accompanying anemia of production. The United States has achieved full employment in the war; is it going to be willing to do the same thing in peace?

Even in the boom year, 1929, Brookings Institution economists figured that production could have been increased 20 percent without improvement in methods, or plant, if the consumers' market had been assured.

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More important, over the fourteen-year average, 1922-1935, the productive mechanism operated at only two-thirds efficiency, and of course unemployment was endemic throughout the whole period.

When the war ends, the United States will have an army and labor force of 63,500,000—the Bureau of Labor Statistics figures—and the annual national income may be $150,000,000,000. Unless a violent armistice slump is to be followed by a return to the old business cycle, with its alternating ups and downs, the production of the country must be harnessed permanently at the higher level. The war has shown this can be done in an emergency; it will be a disaster both at home and abroad if it is not done also in peace.

There is the further question of post-war trade competition. After the war other governments are going to insist on full production, whether we do or not. If America continues to produce inefficiently, and if her economy suffers cyclical upsets and chronic anemia, then she must protect herself from foreign producers by tariff barriers and trade controls inimical to world collaboration.

It is true, of course, that national prosperity evokes its own kind of self-complacency, which disdains the rest of the world. But I submit that the chances of international altruism and leadership are vastly greater from a well fed than from a hungry United States.

So that brings us to the fourth and final proposition: To get full production after the war we are going to need a good deal of government control—more, in fact, than we have ever hitherto accepted in peacetime.

Many economists now believe that they have found the way to moderate the business cycle and iron out its dangerous fluctuations. By tax measures, by use of public works, by credit controls, they believe they can prolong a period of prosperity and shorten a depression. A recent supplement in Fortune magazine declared, "Poverty is not inevitable any more. . . . If we use these weapons intelligently, we are the masters of our economic fate."

The weapons cited are the familiar ones of taxes, public works and social security. Most economists subscribe to this general thesis. The latest example of it is the report of the President's Conference on Post-war Readjustment, a middle-of-the-road group, which formulated Mr. Roosevelt's six-point soldier-demobilization program:

> The Conference [the unanimous report said] regards the maintenance of full employment as one of the major objectives of the demobilization and readjustment process.
>
> It believes that full employment is a goal not impossible to obtain. . . .
>
> Furthermore, as many have pointed out, we have reached such a state of industrial and general productivity that it is technically possible for us, under conditions of full employment in times of peace, to provide a reasonable standard of living for all our people. . . .

We must assume, therefore, that it is the intention of the government to foster what may generally be described as a dynamic expansionary economy in the readjustment period.

There is nothing revolutionary in this program. It is neither communistic nor socialistic. In the main the task depends on private enterprise. But it cannot be achieved without supplementary government action. The government has got to stand somewhere near the center of the economic seesaw as it threatens to go up and down, and throw its weight first to one side, then to the other to maintain balance.

"In post-war Europe," wrote Professor E. H. Carr, "planned economy, which rests on the assumption that no natural harmony of interests exists, and that interests must be harmonized by state action, became the practice, if not the theory, of every state. In the United States, the persistence of an expanding domestic market staved off this development until after 1929."

The nations of the world are certainly not going to drop this practice of harmonizing interests by state action after their experience in state regulation in World War II.

The job is too big for either industry or government alone. The government is needed as the flywheel of prosperity, to keep the motive power of private enterprise running smoothly. An American political platform, or a party, that excludes government from this task is voting for a return to the violent fluctuations of the old-fashioned business cycle at home and, incidentally, for economic storms all over the world.

So that is the argument; there are the four propositions. If they are valid it means that the people who want the United States to play a responsible role in the post-war settlement and to join in a system of collective security thereafter, have got to keep an eye on the home front, too. Coöperation abroad may be nullified by unemployment at home.

America's importance in the post-war world is going to be so compelling that even our most intimate domestic affairs will be matters of anxious concern to the whole globe. It was so after World War I, only we didn't realize it. Students agree today that the American investment boom in the twenties, followed by the crash in 1929, was, as Alvin Hansen has written, "the central core of the great world depression, and determined mainly its intensity and duration."

It took an economic crisis to produce Mussolini; Hitler did not come to power in Germany until one man in three was idle.

And so, in post-war America, an "enlightened foreign policy" that neglects the home front will be self-defeating. From now on, in peace as in war, the two fronts are joined.

RICHARD LEE STROUT

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Who Shall Lead Italy?

THE UNEXPECTED AXIS YIELDING is not the only puzzling phenomenon of the last few months —there is also the corresponding evaporation of Allied prestige in Europe. It is strange that just when Churchill's strategy is proving itself victorious and when America is only reaching the peak of her power, that Europe should feel such a lack of orienting force and show such empty expectancy of the "next thing." It seems illogical, since now the Allies are becoming masters of full-scale warfare and the arbiters of the Western world. It seems ungracious, since the Allies have made it clear that they were not preparing deals with the Fascist Party or with Laval. It seems also inconsiderate, since Europe is still expecting material and medical help from outside on a colossal scale. But it is not absurd, for while the Allies have shown what they could do, they have also shown that they have nothing to *say;* and the real need seems to be for the liberating word, for what amounts to moral regeneration. After France, it is now Italy's turn.

Italy's fate has been only too often decided for her by foreigners during her long history, but down to the Metternichs, Bonapartes and Gladstones, it was by men who were personally involved in what they were handling. It is going to be handled today by Mr. Churchill with his "one man" idea, and by Mr. Hull. The native Tennesseean perspective which is revealed so guilelessly in the epithet of "Hosanna shouters," applied to those concerned with safeguarding the honor of France, is bound to yield some strange results.

The first result, as of today, is a simple-minded insistence on "carrying on the war." As if it were a matter of anything else. But the surge of public opinion that overthrew Mussolini is part of the war; and a more important part, as it would appear from the repercussions, than even the operations in Sicily, which could always be explained away by the Axis as mobile outpost defense. And that upsurge is so unexpected that it has thrown our metronome calculations out of kilter. Hence a set of confusing statements from the administration. One is the dogged insistence on unconditional surrender (which reveals minds still stuck on 1918); another is the offer of honorable capitulation (how can it be at the same time honorable and unconditional?), and still another is the President's suggestion that he will accept surrender even "at the hands of a town mayor," which obviously conflicts with Churchill's statement that he will have no piecemeal surrender. Meanwhile the new government is given ample time to jail the opposition that came out into the open, and Italy is left no option except to bleed and burn.

Surrender can only come from the head of an army, and it is fitting that Badoglio or his successor should do the job. As the people are telling him right now: "You made this mess; now you fix it." But if, contrariwise, we are asking the people themselves to take such grave and responsible decisions as to serve ultimatums on the German occupation forces, as to put out of their minds the fate of the twenty Italian divisions and of the hundreds of thousands of workers in enemy countries —then we should offer them something more than capitulation: we should offer immediate help and provisional recognition to any revolutionary government that shows authority over the masses.

Actually, since the Badoglio group have gotten themselves in a jam, we have fallen back on the old instruments. We still think of scraping the cellars of the Vatican for fungoid characters who never saw the light of political life. They have the advantage of strictly unheard-of contacts abroad. Drew Pearson gave the name of one such, who is supposed to be in on the negotiations:

> George MacDonald, utilities and oil magnate, with titles and honors, including Commendatore of the Order of the Crown of Italy, Knight of St. Gregory, Papal Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword, Papal Marquis, Knight Commander Grand Cross of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, vice-president and trustee of St. Patrick's Cathedral, benefactor of Catholic and secular charities, close to the Vatican.

This total stranger may sound romantic over here, but to the simple-minded Italian he will mean only utilities and oil.

There are also the Italo-Americans, "Two-Way Passage" in action. Let us credit the administration with a good choice (as far as military government is concerned) in the person of Mr. Poletti. But after that, what? We hear of a string of ward-heelers and district judges who are to be headed by one of the most disreputable bosses of the political underworld, one who put his money at the disposal of Mussolini up to our entry into the war—Generoso Pope.

If it comes to that, a Yankee lieutenant out of Patton's army would be a far better choice. For Americans fit to supervise Italy, even knowledge of local conditions comes second. The main requirements are open-mindedness, character—and sympathy for the underdog.

But let us forget about the inane dream-world over here. Italian reality is not waiting for our delegates to advise it, it is finding its own way. The underground has come out, and it is not made up of virtuous citizens in business suits looking somewhat like Paul Henreid

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in the movie, "Casablanca," and talking about freedom of worship and opportunity. It is made up of workers striking for overtime pay and bombing allowances, truant young officers and noncoms, uncoöperative railwaymen and tough mechanics headed by hard-bitten organizers who have lived silently inside fascism and know the ropes; it is made up of exiles coming back from France and establishing contact with the French insurgents; it is made up of their chiefs who come out of jails where they spent years in working out the highly technical problems of a social republic. In twenty years 800,000 men passed through the fascist jails. Some of them may have something to say. While we are imagining democratic clam bakes, they are facing the carabinieri and the German machine guns. What is our line? Are we really telling them to go ahead? Our public opinion has been living in a kind of wish-world in which, as Samuel Grafton said, stones would fly without any windows being broken.

Endorsement or repression? Our silence on that question is distinctly audible. We ask the Italian people to work up such a tidal wave of insurrection as will sweep out both the Cabinet and the German forces, but to stop short of the "proper" institutions, for we need those to deal with. We set up for them not peace but a battlefield in which they will have to tackle the Germans alone before we can reach them, and take German bombings once we are there; in exchange we offer them the status of unconditional surrender, and elections later under the supervision of the old administration, the police and the Vatican. Now really.

We say we need an administration to remain for our convenience, and that is all we say. Then of course we must mean the old administration, for it cannot purge itself. It is at present in a state of jitters—all the more so since it has been crammed *in extremis* with "active" Fascists seeking an escape. It has to keep the lid down tight, but it can do so only if it is decisively abetted by the occupation authorities under the advisement of the Vatican, which has also a major interest in sitting on the lid. For once a probe is started into the causes that brought about Italy's degradation, it might easily lead in an inconvenient direction.

We may say that we want a purge to take place, and that we have announced as much. But only an independent and respected provisional authority could change the tone of the administration and carry through a purge which need be only minimal and symbolic. But a country needs first of all a firm moral ground to stand on. Do we really think we can provide it through Lord Rennell of Rodd, late Mussolini fan?

We announce a distinction between "active" and "passive" Fascists. That is not an easy distinction by now, in a party with a membership of almost five million, much vociferous "activeness" to hide actual passiveness, and an efficient silence where the real grabbing took place. It was a whirl of verbal perpetual motion in a moral void. Who is now going to advise us? The voice of the people against the administration? Or will it not be, as seems inevitable, the administration itself, and the police, and the Vatican? Once having disposed of the party bosses, discrimination of this kind would bog down hopelessly. Indeed, it looks very much as if it had been originally planned that way. The fact that the whole idea comes from a Vatican memorandum to Archbishop Spellman (*cf.* The New York Times of May 19, 1943) is significant enough; for the Vatican has itself been both active and passive, underscoring heavily the passive and prayerful attitude, but playing an extremely active part in the Ethiopian and Spanish campaigns, and in the supporting action it developed in the chancelleries. Today, it drops the party but tries to make sure that all the prefects are retained. (The prefects, that is, the carefully picked interpreters and executors of the Duce's will throughout the provinces.) The Vatican will gladly endorse a new era of peace and progress, but it will do its best to sidetrack the problem of revision. It cannot blame or analyze fascism, a movement it has itself defined as "providential." Its point is, and has to be, that the whole war was an unfortunate accident due to the inherently sinful nature of this world, and that we had better go on from here with chastened minds and contrite hearts. We may expect the Vatican to finds its way in any situation. But if we expect the Vatican to deliver the goods, we are in for a let-down.

The net result of all these maneuvers, as the Italians can see with frightfully paralyzing clarity, will be chaos followed by bloody repression; first by the Germans and then by the Allies. That is not what we wanted, surely. We do not want, especially, a deadlock of conflicting emotions. Yet how many in the middle class are still blindly clinging to Badoglio as the only chance? How many are still allowed to think that the Allies intend to degrade Italy to a semi-colonial status, a status, as Scorza reminded them, of musicians, barbers and headwaiters? How many, on the other hand, are interpreting the Eisenhower manifesto as an infuriating wink directed at Badoglio and Federzoni? How many are putting by now all their hopes in total subversion? It all goes back to the fact that we insist mechanically on surrender, and refuse even to look at the Italian predicament.

You cannot tell the Italians, or even the French for that matter, bewildered as they are by frustration, despair and petty hatreds, deprived by fascism of bearings, of legality, of all the regulating mechanisms of the body social, that by and by they will have elections and all will be well. What people would trust ballot boxes controlled by the enemy in cahoots with the police? What people can do without some recognized leadership that stands as the warden of their honor, their integrity and their laws?

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This is why the French endorsed de Gaulle, whom we refused to recognize (and there has been ample stir in Italy about that); to us "his mission seemed to be to frustrate our Vichy policy, and for that there can be no quick forgiveness." These words of Mr. Harold Callender of The New York Times will later be engraved in bronze. We are cashing in on that little story already. Now for the same Vichyous reason, we are passively waiting for some Grandi or Federzoni to succeed where Badoglio has failed. We shall pay for it in American lives.

If a miraculous change of heart were possible, we could still give the Italians something more than frigid long-distance admonitions to encourage and guide them through the horrors ahead. We might call on them as friends and allies, we might tell them to go ahead and count on our help. We might drop them tommy-guns and parachutists as we do in France, make surprise landings along the coast, try to keep away the Germans by bombing Innsbruck, Tarvis, Klagenfurt; but most of all, we might recognize the oppositional committee as the only provisional government. That would bring over the undecided and the order-loving on their side. It would knock the props from under Badoglio. But it might knock the props from under some highly acceptable magnates as well.

If we wanted to, we might find in the oppositional coalition all the base we need. There are the Communists, many of them dissident from Moscow, we should not forget that. There are the Socialists, still strong. There are the old liberals, most of them by now pretty old but still respectable; there are the Catholic democrats; there is the new Action Party of liberal reformers, which has taken up the heritage of the dead heroes, Amendola, Gobetti, de Bosis, Rosselli. On this whole group our authorities have not deigned to cast a glance. They insist that it is strictly the Italians' business. But meanwhile they are looking quite definitely—and expectantly—another way.

The fact is, they are looking the only way they know. They know the people they were asked to meet, and the carabinieri who guarded their limousines. Beyond that, what is Italy to them? Facts and figures, landscapes, churches, peasant women with colorful kerchiefs.

But, then, what kind of people are the opposition? It would be a long story. It goes back to the Risorgimento, to Mazzini, to that cosmopolitan liberalism which bred Thomas Jefferson over here. The peculiar link among socialists, liberals and conservatives supposes an ancient and mature culture ramified through all classes. Let us look for instance at the Action Party, and at its underlying non-party group, Giustizia e Libertà, which are now coming to the fore again after many years of silence.

One of the founders of that movement was Piero Gobetti, whose great intellectual career was cut short by his death, at the hands of the Fascists, at the age of twenty-six. His successor was Carlo Rosselli, another upper-middle-class intellectual, who after his adventurous escape, headed Giustizia e Libertà in Paris, until his murder in 1937. These men were essentially liberal democrats, whose inspiration had been derived from Croce, Salvemini, Amendola and other rock-ribbed constitutionalists. Amendola, as Secretary of the Interior, was the Minister who signed the order disbanding the Fascist Party, on which the King reneged in that fateful night of October 28, 1922. He, too, was to vanish soon after, bludgeoned to death by Carlo Scorza. But Salvemini is still with us, and through him we may get an idea of the unbending rigorism, of the fearlessly rational and undogmatic outlook which marked that whole group of reformers. There were syndicalist workmen among them, and industrialists too; there were thoughtful aristocrats, there were practising politicians, and men who sympathized with the intransigence of the young Communists. But what united them was the search for a real solution to the crisis of state and society, under the sign of a strict moral "line" and unyielding consistency regarding the principle of freedom. It was expressed in the title of Gobetti's paper, "The Liberal Revolution," and of the first of the underground periodicals, Don't Give Up, edited by Salvemini and Rosselli. It was paradoxical in a way, as it discarded expediency and the give-and-take of political life; it was impractical, since it refused any compromise with fascism and what everybody around was calling the "trend of the times"; but its only aim was to maintain the principle alive, to protect its validity against the all-engulfing betrayal of the ruling classes. Gobetti liked to call himself a protestant. They were exactly that, three centuries removed from theology, snubbing dogmatism, strictly social-minded, but like men of true faith, caring little for numbers; reduced at times to a handful by successive waves of arrests, and yet carrying on until numbers came to them. When Rosselli went to fight for Spain, he was heading the largest single contingent of Italian volunteers. Many of them did not come back.

I have spoken of the Action Party because under its present chief, Emilio Lussu, it seems to have taken a leading role in the agitation in the North. But many more forces will show themselves, ignored, snubbed and suffocated by the "democracies" for twenty years, and even less easy to deal with by lackadaisical diplomats. Italy is not an inorganic mass; she is a tightly knit and modern social body, which is trying to throw off a mortal sickness. It would be wiser to understand her and deal with her as a friend, rather than try and impose on her the rule of bishops, compradores and international freebooters, even if supported by the Norden Bombsight and by hordes of fact-ridden experts. These are no longer the happy times of the Opium Wars.

GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

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Eight American Poets

Soldier (T. P.)[1]

When the runner's whistle lights the last miles of darkness
And the soldier stumbles into the hard green clothes
(From the night where his earth is the dream of a stranger
And the years are stripped from his heart like a sigh;
Where death and life and their child are—civilian)
And stands for his hour there in the cold green lines
That are always waiting for something, or waiting;
There wakes in the cropped dusty head, one supposes,
In the blistered hands, in the soft uneasy eyes,
The smell of the ages where no one is dying
And the old dog stirs in his sleep in the sun:
The world where they marry and live in houses.

But his house and his wife are—pending; and the life
That was his to starve in, to waste as he chose,
Has no option now: the iron unchanging
Chance that had governed his price like a plate's
Is smashed for an instant, as the atoms' wills
Are fused in the grim solicitude of State.
Yet it is not You the sergeants hoarsely
Curse at there where the traveling sand
Obscures the relief map of the parade ground.
That You may be, perhaps—as Justice
May be, may be; *this* world's justice
Is here, is now—as you too are, soldier.

What have you learned here? To bear, and be silent.
To do what I must, as I must: that is, to die.
What are the soldier's answers? Yes, sir;
No, sir; no excuse, sir . . . *But (sir) there is no room there, to die—*

To die or to live . . . Hush, no one is listening.
Ask as you please, there is no one here to reply.
Here what they teach is—other people's deaths;
Who needs to learn why another man should die?
Who has taught you, soldier, why you yourself are dying?
And there is no time, each war, to learn.
You must live or die as the dice are thrown on a blanket;
As the leaf chars or is kindled; as the bough burns.

RANDALL JARRELL

Variations on a Theme by George Herbert

After so many deaths to breathe again,
To see the clouded windows open, brighten
With recovered sight, to see the blackness whiten,
And fountained love gush from the arid plain!

After so many deaths to live and write!
Thou subtle God of Visions, who has led
My footsteps to this room, this hour, this night
That I might testify my resurrection!

Now song pours from a thousand instruments,
And my new-opened eyes drink in the sound:
The seeing ear, the thinking, speaking heart
Refreshed again after long banishments.

Praise for the dark that taught me love of light,
Praise for the ill that made me long for health,
Praise for the death that taught me all life is;
I praise the mortal wound that made me His.

MARYA ZATURENSKA

Colleague

In memory of M. E. B., missing at sea, January, 1943

I

In war we learn to grow used to the deaths of average people,
The sons of distant mothers, young husbands from far villages,
Machinists, clerks and farmers, chosen by the picture magazines,
Young typical men, remote from our daily breakfasts.
For these we grieve abstractly; we accept their deaths remotely;
And in spite of the general sorrow, our lives are not disturbed.

But that the man we have loved, the meticulous kindly man,
The specialist in our own subject, whom instinctively we turned to,
Whom all of us relied on, whose knowledge we took for granted,
Whose smile over the filing cards which his hands expertly loved
Gave us the assurance we lacked in our own less certain exploring
Into the past he cleaned for us, kept for us, made for us—
That this man, this loving and learned man,
Has performed his last act, and is lost in the anonymous sea,
This we cannot get used to, can only with difficulty accept.

2

We know nothing of what happened, or where or when it was;
We can imagine very little of the final disastrous hour.
Yet we know one thing; of one thing we are certain,
Just as his own knowledge was always quietly certain.
For if, before the last violence, there was something right to say,
We who knew him, know he was sure to say it;
And if at the last there was anything brave to do,
We who knew him, know it was done by him.

THEODORE SPENCER

[1] T. P. means Title Pending: the interviewer sometimes writes this, in pencil, on the recruit's Form 20, and his job title is later filled in by another worker, an expert in these things.

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Afternoon of a Pawnbroker

Still they bring me diamonds, diamonds, always diamonds,
Why don't they pledge something else for a change, if they must have loans, other than those diamond clasps and diamond rings,
Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls,
Ermine wraps, silks and satins, solid gold watches and silver plate and violins two hundred years old,
And then again diamonds, diamonds, the neighborhood diamonds I have seen so many times before, and shall see so many times again?

Still I remember the strange afternoon (it was a season of extraordinary events) when the first of the strange customers appeared,
And he waited, politely, while Mrs. Nunzio redeemed her furs, then he stepped to the counter and he laid down a thing that looked like a trumpet,
In fact, it was a trumpet, not mounted with diamonds, not plated with gold or even silver, and I started to say: "We can't use trumpets—"
But a light was in his eyes,
And after he was gone, I had the trumpet. And I stored it away. And the name on my books was Gabriel.

It should be made clear my accounts are always open to the police, I have nothing to conceal,
I belong, myself, to the Sounder Business Principles League,
Have two married daughters, one of them in Brooklyn, the other in Cleveland,
And nothing like this had ever happened before.
How can I account for my lapse of mind?
All I can say is, it did not seem strange. Not at the time. Not in that neighborhood. And not in that year.

And the next to appear was a man with a soft, persuasive voice,
And a kindly face, and the most honest eyes I have ever seen, and ears like arrows, and a pointed beard,
And what he said, after Mrs. Case had pledged her diamond ring and gone, I cannot now entirely recall,
But when he went away I found I had an apple. An apple, just an apple.
"It's been bitten," I remember that I tried to argue. But he smiled, and said in his quiet voice: "Yes, but only once."
And the strangest thing is, it did not seem strange. Not strange at all.

And still those names are on my books.
And still I see listed, side by side, those incongruous and not very sound securities:
(1) Aladdin's lamp (I must have been mad), (1) Pandora's box, (1) Magic carpet,
(1) Fountain of youth (in good condition), (1) Holy Grail, (1) Invisible man (the only article never redeemed, and I cannot locate him), and others, others, many others,
And still I recall how my storage vaults hummed and crackled, from time to time, or sounded with music, or shot forth flame,
And I wonder, still, that the season did not seem one of unusual wonder, not even different—not at the time.

And still I think, at intervals, why didn't I, when the chance was mine, drink just once from that Fountain of youth?
Why didn't I open that box of Pandora?
And what if Mr. Gabriel, who redeemed his pledge and went away, should some day decide to blow on his trumpet?
Just one short blast, in the middle of some busy afternoon?

But here comes Mr. Barrington, to pawn his Stradivarius. And here comes Mrs. Case, to redeem her diamond ring.

KENNETH FEARING

Elephants

Uplifted and waved until immobilized
wistarialike, the opposing opposed
mouse-gray twined proboscises' trunk formed by two
trunks, fights itself to a spiraled inter-nosed

deadlock of dyke-enforced massiveness. It's a
knock-down drag-out fight that asks no quarter?—Just
a pastime, as when the trunk rains on itself
the pool it siphoned up; or when—since each must

provide his forty-pound-bough dinner—he broke
the leafy branches. These templars of the Tooth,
these matched intensities, take master care of
master tools. One, sleeping with the calm of youth,

at full length in the half dry sun-flecked stream-bed,
rests his hunting-horn-curled trunk on shallowed stone.
The sloping hollow of the sleeper's body
cradles the gently breathing eminence's prone

mahout, asleep like a lifeless six-foot
frog, so feather-light the elephant's stiff
ear's unconscious of the crossed feet's weight. And the
defenseless human thing sleeps as sound as if

incised with hard wrinkles, embossed with wide ears,
invincibly tusked, made safe by magic hairs!
As if, as if, it is all ifs; we are at
much unease. But magic's masterpiece is theirs—

Houdini's serenity quelling his fears.
Elephant ear-witnesses-to-be of hymns
and glorias—this double row of gray, and
gray with white on legs or trunk, is a pilgrims'

pattern of revery, not reverence—a
religious procession without any priests,
the centuries-old, carefullest unrehearsed
play. Blessed by Buddha's Tooth, the obedient beasts,

themselves as toothed temples blessing the street, see
the white elephant carry the cushion that
carries the casket that carries the Tooth.
Amenable to what—matched with him—are gnat

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trustees, he does not step on them, as the white-
canopied blue-cushioned Tooth, is augustly
and slowly returned to the shrine. Though white is
the color of worship and of mourning, he

is not here to worship, and he is too wise
to mourn. Though a prisoner, he's reconciled.
Trunk tucked up compactly—the elephant's sign
of defeat—he was a resister, but the child

of reason now; his straight trunk seems to say: When
what we hoped for came to nothing, we revived
As no loss could ever alter Socrates'
tranquility, the elephant has contrived

equanimity. With the Socrates of
animals, as with Sophocles the Bee on whose
tombstone a hive was incised, sweetness tinctures
his gravity. His held-up fore-leg, for use

as a stair, to be climbed or descended with
the aid of his ear, expounds the brotherhood
of creatures to man the encroacher, by the
small word with the dot, meaning know the verb bûd.

These knowers, these distinct rememberers—
like Bûd—of what they have experienced, are
"unable to pierce by one dart from the bow
four plantain-leaves laid at the points of a square";

and cannot, like Buddha, change missiles to wreaths,
alter their shape, bisect hairs in the dark, make
their wisdom apparent in rays of all hues,
or turn heat, exasperated—to earthquake-

fire. Yet they "arouse the feeling that they are
allied to man," and can change roles with their trustees.
Hardship makes the soldier; then teachableness
makes him the philosopher—as Socrates,

prudently testing the suspicious thing, knew
the wisest is he who's not sure that he knows.
Who rides on a tiger can never dismount;
asleep on an elephant, that is repose.

MARIANNE MOORE

Somnambulisma

On an old shore, the vulgar ocean rolls
Noiselessly, noiselessly, resembling a thin bird,
That thinks of settling, yet never settles, on a nest.

The wings keep spreading and yet are never wings.
The claws keep scratching on the shale, the shallow shale,
The sounding shallow, until by water washed away.

The generations of the bird are all
By water washed away. They follow after.
They follow, follow, follow, in water washed away.

Without this bird that never settles, without
Its generations that follow in their universe,
The ocean, falling and falling on the hollow shore,
Would be a geography of the dead: not of the land
To which they have gone, but of the place in which
They lived, in which they lacked a pervasive being,

In which no scholar, separately dwelling,
Poured forth the fine fins, the gawky beaks, the personalia,
Which, as a man feeling everything, were his.

WALLACE STEVENS

The Monstrous Marriage

She who with innocent and tender hands
reached up to take the wounded pigeon
from the branch found it turn

into a fury as it bled. Maddened she clung
to it stabbed by its pain and the blood
of her hands and the bird's

blood mingled while she stilled it for
the moment and wrapped it in her thought's
clean white handkerchief. After that

she adopted a hawk's life as her own.
For it looked up and said, You are
my wife for this. Then she released it.

But he came back shortly. Certainly,
since we are married, she said to him, no
one will accept it. Time passed.

I try to imitate you, he said while she
cried a little in smiling. Mostly,
he confided, my head is clouded

except for hunting. But for parts of
a day it's clear as any man's—by
your love. No, she would

answer him pitifully, what clearer than
a hawk's eye and reasonably the
mind also must be so. He turned his

head and seeing his profile in her
mirror ruffled his feathers and gave
a hawk's cry, desolately.

Nestling upon her as was his wont he
hid his talons from her soft flesh
fluttering his wings against her sides

until her mind, always astonished at
his assumptions, agonized, heard
footsteps and hurried him

to the open window whence he flew. After
that she had a leather belt made upon
which he perched to enjoy her.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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Troop Train

It stops the town we come through. Workers raise
Their oily arms in good salute and grin.
Kids scream as at a circus. Business men
Glance hopefully and go their measured way.
And women standing at their dumbstruck door
More slowly wave and seem to warn us back,
As if a tear blinding the course of war
Might once dissolve our iron in their sweet wish.

Fruit of the world, O clustered on ourselves
We hang as from a cornucopia
In total friendliness, with faces bunched
To spray the streets with catcalls and with leers.
A bottle smashes on the moving ties
And eyes fixed on a lady smiling pink
Stretch like a rubber-band and snap and sting
The mouth that wants the drink-of-water kiss.

And on through crummy continents and days;
Deliberate, grimy, slightly drunk we crawl,
The good-bad boys of circumstance and chance,
Whose bucket-helmets bang the empty wall
Where twist the murdered bodies of our packs
Next to the guns that only seem themselves.
And distance like a strap adjusted shrinks,
Tightens across the shoulder and holds firm.

Here is a deck of cards; out of this hand
Dealer, deal me my luck, a pair of bulls,
The right draw to a flush, the one-eyed jack.
Diamonds and hearts are red but spades are black,
And spades are spades and clubs are clovers—black.
But deal me winners, souvenirs of peace.
This stands to reason and arithmetic,
Luck also travels and not all come back.

Trains lead to ships and ships to death or trains,
And trains to death or trucks, and trucks to death,
Or trucks lead to the march, the march to death,
Or that survival which is all our hope;
And death leads back to trucks and trains and ships,
But life leads to the march, O flag! at last
The place of life found after trains and death
—Nightfall of nations brilliant after war.

KARL J. SHAPIRO

Good News from Canada

IN THE PROVINCIAL ELECTION held in Ontario on August 4, Canada's socialist party, the CCF (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation) advanced from no seats at all to second place in the legislature and became overnight the most important factor in Canadian politics. The former Liberal administration was swept out of office, retaining only 15 of its former 64 seats in a house of 90 representatives. The Progressive-Conservatives now have 38 seats, a gain of 15. The CCF, which had no seats before the election, now has 34, and Independent Labor has 2. An Independent Liberal accounts for the other seat. This leaves the Conservatives with the responsibility of forming the government but without a clear majority, and so forces them into coalition with the Liberals, leaving the CCF as the official opposition. This is a victory for the CCF because it makes clear that the only real differences are those between the socialist party and the parties which advocate maintenance of what is known as "private enterprise." This development has already occurred in two other provinces, British Columbia and Saskatchewan, and to have the pattern appear in Ontario is bad news for the old parties and the interests they represent.

The Coöperative Commonwealth Federation was organized in Regina in 1933. As its name suggests, the CCF aimed to unite not only farmers and workers but all those who believed that socialism was the answer to the evils of our society. The CCF has had from the beginning the support of men from business and the professions as well as the support of farmers and workers. The first national leader was J. S. Woodsworth, a former clergyman, social worker and longshoreman, who had been the guiding spirit in forming the party and who was a member of the dominion Parliament from Winnipeg. Mr. Woodsworth remained leader of the party until 1940 when he became seriously ill, and M. J. Coldwell, a teacher from Saskatchewan, took over the leadership of the national CCF.

The Ontario CCF, organized in 1933, used Study Clubs as a method of organization. Emphasis on education, individual memberships in the party and the yearly conventions to work out programs and elect officers distinguish the CCF from other political parties in Canada. Leader of the Ontario CCF is E. B. Jolliffe, a lawyer, Rhodes Scholar and former newspaperman. He is 34 years old. President of the Ontario CCF is Sam Lawrence, a member of the Stone Cutter's Union for 45 years and a man experienced in labor activity.

The CCF made slow but steady progress in the years preceding the war and in 1938 became the official opposition in Saskatchewan. Since the outbreak of war the progress of the CCF has been rapid. It has won four dominion by-elections in the past two years, with the result that it now has eleven seats in the dominion house. Nine of these seats are from the west, one from Ontario, and one from the Maritimes. Two of these seats were won on August 9, since the Ontario election. In 1941 the CCF became the official opposition in British Columbia. This year the CCF elected three members to the Nova Scotia legislature. Now they

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have become the official opposition in Ontario. This victory, followed by the defeat of the Liberal government in all four of the August 9 by-elections and the victory of CCF candidates in two of them, indicates that the CCF is now a first-rate political power in Canada.

The Liberal government in Ontario came into office in 1934 under the leadership of Mitchell Hepburn. This was the first time in the history of the province that Ontario had had a Liberal administration. Hepburn was returned again in an election called in 1937 at the time of the automobile workers' strike in Oshawa on the trumped-up issue of the invasion of Ontario by the CIO. The Liberals were returned by the farmers, who liked Mr. Hepburn's outspoken ways and disliked unions. A fitting commentary on this election is the fact that in the present election Charles Millard, leader of the strike at Oshawa in 1937 and now National Director of the Steelworkers, was elected as a CCF candidate, while Mr. Hepburn, running as an independent Liberal, was still talking of the danger of the CIO.

Hepburn evaded another election, using the war as an excuse, but late last year he decided to make a tour of the province to see what was happening. He discovered that the Liberals were losing favor, and deserted the sinking ship. After six months of maneuvering, Mr. Harry Nixon became Premier and called the election. Most people considered the election a trial balloon for Mackenzie King, head of the Liberal government at present in power in Ottawa, who wanted to see how the wind was blowing. The wind blew eight Cabinet ministers clean out and didn't leave the Liberals much in the way of members either. The Progressive-Conservatives staged a comeback, but, even more disturbing, the CCF made tremendous gains in the province that had long been the stronghold of the Conservatives.

Three points about the election are important. The most important is the fact that the victory of the CCF is forcing the old parties into coalition. This throws into clear relief the basic issues of our time and is a great gain for progressive thought and action.

Second, this show of strength on the part of the CCF will force the older parties into the adoption of progressive policies. The Conservatives have already experienced the purging effect of a CCF victory. Last winter the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, then leader of the Conservatives and an out-and-out reactionary, was decisively defeated by the CCF in a Tory Toronto district that was considered absolutely safe. The result of that defeat was that the Conservatives chose a new leader, Bracken, who was selected because he had a reputation for being a progressive and because he was a farmer and came from the west. He changed the name of the party by adding "Progressive," and while insisting on the place of "private enterprise," talked reconstruction, full employment and the importance of the farmers. To date the Liberals have made little effort of this kind.

The third point of interest is the source of CCF strength. This was in the industrial centers and in the mining areas of the north. Nearly a year ago a large number of trade unions affiliated themselves with the CCF and the party has made rapid growth since that time. The Progressive-Conservatives gained most of their seats in rural districts and Bracken has said that this shows that farmers are supporting the Conservatives. Actually, what seems to have happened is that the CCF took enough votes away from both old parties, although naturally taking more from the Liberals, to make it possible for the Conservative voters to carry the election. However, it is true that the CCF is weakest in its farm support and during the next few years must strive to organize in rural districts.

Col. George Drew, leader of the Progressive-Conservatives, in accepting responsibility for forming a new government in Ontario, stated that he did not propose to form a coalition government. He said that in these serious days he did not believe that either of the other political parties would vote only on the ground of political expediency. The CCF has already said that it would give him every assistance in putting into effect nine of the points in his twenty-two-point program because he took nine of the points straight out of the CCF platform published last spring. Actually Colonel Drew is trying to avoid having his named as a coalition government. He wishes to retain the name Progressive-Conservative because this would be to the advantage of his party when the dominion election is called. From the point of view of the Liberals this procedure is equally desirable, and so although the old parties will retain their separate identity as much as possible, as they will vote together whenever necessary.

Two aspects of the election should be interesting to liberals in the United States. In the first place, Canadian liberals are fortunate in not having to pin their hopes of progress to one man, or at this late date to start doing something else. Second, a good number of labor unions in Ontario have definitely committed themselves to support of the CCF. This is interesting because it shows labor breaking its non-partisan tradition in politics; but it also shows labor joining the socialist party already formed, rather than attempting to form a party on a class basis.

Altogether the CCF victory in Ontario is a most hopeful sign. The people who voted for the CCF voted for it because it is a people's party, because they are young and intend to live in a better world and because they are sick of the old parties. Significantly, the soldier vote was preponderantly CCF. The CCF slogan for the election, "Forward with the CCF," caught the psychological atmosphere perfectly and the signs are that Canadians are going to do just that.

CHARLTON SMITH

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Washington Notes

FDR and the Conservative Trend

THE (LONDON) ECONOMIST notes that the United States "is being edified by the spectacle of the New Dealers attacking Mr. Roosevelt." But The Economist tells its readers that Mr. Roosevelt has been doing some attacking of his own. It looks, remarks The Economist, "as if Mr. Roosevelt has deliberately snubbed his own chosen running mate of 1940, and one of the most eminent philosophers of the New Deal, in order to favor a couple of conservative business men," namely, Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones and Mr. Leo T. Crowley, the director of the Office of Economic Warfare.

The famous London weekly does not attempt to say who started the fight, nor does it explain just how the American people are being "edified" by the guerrilla warfare within the administration. I suspect that more people are being baffled than edified. The New Dealers who are not trying to apologize for the President are asking themselves and everyone they meet whether Mr. Roosevelt again will become the champion of progressive government once the war is won. Needless to say, there are no very clear answers.

What are the facts about the battle between the President and the New Dealers, and how did it all start?

Most persons agree that the New Deal became a secondary consideration as far as the President was concerned on the day, nearly four years ago, that German troops marched into Poland. In the long summer of 1940, after the collapse of France, the President began devoting himself almost exclusively to the problem of how to beat the Axis. He invited two Republicans to join his Cabinet. He invited a host of anti-New Deal business men to come to Washington to help him mobilize American industry for war. That is when the split began. The New Dealers wanted a man like Ickes for Secretary of War and a man like Douglas for production chief. The President said he wanted national unity and had to have the support of business.

I do not say that it was not necessary to do what the President did. I do know, however, that there are many eminent people who did not, and do not, believe that a policy of business appeasement was the only way to get full mobilization of industry. And they never did believe that that was the way to get national unity. They wanted to take the issue to the people: are there going to be any profits out of this war or not? If there are not, then business must take orders from government.

But the President decided otherwise. Into the hands of Frank Knox, Henry L. Stimson and Jesse Jones went enormous power. I often wonder if the country realizes what tremendous economic power is lodged in the offices of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Stettinius, too, were placed in positions of great influence. The mistakes they made are history, but the profits which their policies have made possible are just beginning to be found out—too late.

Apologists for the President would deny that he purposefully struck a bargain with American business. They point to the growing reaction in Congress. They say that the country is increasingly conservative. They say that the spectre of socialism had divided the country, and that appeasement was the only way to get even a semblance of unity. Give business a breathing spell, Mr. Roy Howard urged in 1936, and business got it in 1940. The President listened to his business advisers instead of to men like Douglas and Wallace and able young economists around town.

I shall never forget the day late in 1940 when I heard Mr. Stettinius announce, after a White House conference, that we had all the aluminum we needed. New Deal economists knew better. At a press conference a few weeks later I heard the President announce that we had all the steel we needed for war and civilian needs. I was almost knocked over by that one, for I had seen the report on steel which was prepared for the President by government economists.

After the President made his decision early in the summer of 1940 to play ball with business he was not then in a position to denounce the aircraft industry for staging a sit-down while the government's tax policies were modified. What an appeal he could have made to the American people if he had gone to them with that story! With the advantage it afforded him he might easily have gotten the popular support necessary to force business to produce for war on his terms instead of on theirs.

From time to time the President has shown signs of his old fighting spirit, and many Washington correspondents (myself among them) have been fooled into writing "think pieces" saying that the President was prepared to reassert his faith in the New Deal. We were wrong, because the fundamental policy was set; the President was not a free agent. Stimson, Patterson, Knox, Forrestal, Nelson, Jones and a host of others who think in terms of business expediency were dominating that policy.

There was appeasement in the Office of Price Administration, as Messrs. Henderson and Galbraith have learned. When the Vice President, after months of anguished battling behind the scenes, let go his blast at Jesse Jones he was slapped down, but Mr. Jones came off in good shape. Milo Perkins was booted out unceremoniously.

What would have happened if the President had announced to the American people that the Vice President had presented an accurate and damning bill of particulars and that he, the President, had asked Mr. Jones for his resignation? Could the President have gotten away with such a thing? There are many who think he could not have done so any more than he can ask Secretary Hull for his resignation or Secretary Knox for his. The forces behind such men have intrenched themselves in power. They are strong in Congress and within the administration.

With such forces in high position it is not inappropriate to ask which side the President takes. The press has not fully reported the extent of the revolt against the President that is taking place almost within the White House walls. There are many questions the progressives want answered. They do not like the rough treatment which many loyal Rooseveltians have experienced. They don't like the talk of a Rayburn or a Byrnes or a George as the 1944 running mate. It must be reported that the stock of Henry A. Wallace and also of Wendell L. Willkie has risen as the result of recent White House activities.

Washington T. R. B.

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Tessa's Last Stand?

THE DEFENSE, in the latest form of "The Constant Nymph," of composers and nymphs against philistines (or, Margaret Kennedy's idea of the opposite of the English gentry against her idea of the English gentry) has been very nearly slugged to death by delirious earnestness. Once more we are at that romantic Alpine chalet where the great composer Sanger is going to seed and his blonde, horsey daughters are carrying on the Sanger tradition of spirit that cannot be quenched. The Warner Brothers have attacked the idea literally, in flying-wedge formation. To express the wild freedom of the Sanger personality, the daughters scurry around, ever constant, in a heavy lope (for instance, Tessa wakes her sister by grabbing her by the ankle and flinging her halfway across the room). To express Sanger's musical turn the fruity music is approached with a fearsome solemnity that comes from knowing music is dissonance when it doesn't have melody and full of genius when it does. Miss Joan Fontaine has missed being the nymph by littering her portrait with all the standard nymphisms—the spread-legged squats and stances, the fiddling with the skirt, the walking on tiptoe, arms outstretched, the constant look in the eyes as of hearing far-off birdsong—all that goes with an unrestrained love of acting. Director Goulding has not cautioned her at all, and has weighted the role even more by advertising every flurry with special gauzed lighting to imply purity.

"The Constant Nymph" has, in all of its four previous versions as movie or play, been a plot which after much detailed maneuvering accomplished the fact that a young girl who had loved a composer since childhood died of a valvular lesion just as he was coming around. Warner Brothers have added several more overloud conclusions to it, thereby stepping it up to an event-a-minute clip, meanwhile deleting much good criticism of English manners and musicians' personalities.

In Hollywood this kind of movie is called an "art picture." The term, like some other words Hollywood uses, for instance, montage, is closer to meaning fancy than to what it usually means. Art pictures are usually taken from a novel or play which has been stamped heavily on the public's mind as an impressive creation, and in them the current queen or near-queen of the films is given every right of way to prove her claim to the movie-acting championship. The main characteristic, though, is that the production is given an expensive and flamboyantly artistic setting. In "The Constant Nymph" this takes the form of fancy lighting effects, a wallowing in the scenic splendors of the Tyrol, a whipping-up of wind when terror strikes, and a lot of gaudy touches like turning the highlight on an andiron into a small fire and thence into a sunset when Tessa dies. But the more exotic innovations are to weave the hero-composer's work in with his love life. When he is with his cold English wife his music lacks heart and melody; when he returns to Tessa his music becomes good and melodic. And Tessa's death, to make a supreme heart tug rather than just any old heart tug, has been speeded up to happen when she is listening to her lover's début over the radio.

The movie is best when it forgoes its lush lyrical curvings and gets down to something more substantial. The character of the composer's English wife—Alexis Smith—is undecorated in its selfishness and fears; the hate which exists between her and her husband is hard and rough, and as a result gets across as clear and vital. The satire on English manners is entertaining but standard. Miss Fontaine occasionally breaks through her mechanics, the dialogue turns up its good lines, and Charles Boyer is excellent as the composer and never looks silly while pretending to be a musician. On one occasion, with Miss Fontaine mauling the scene in the background, he does a masterful job of leading the Sanger girls' orchestra. As a whole, however, "The Constant Nymph" is rather like that chromo you've seen every time you pay your yearly visit to your elderly aunt; only on this visit you find she's taken out her watercolors and added a few strokes herself. MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Billings [former teacher at the University of Texas] said that he was denied classification as a conscientious objector by his Ottawa County, Kansas, draft board on the ground that his objection to war was "rational rather than religious." – *From The New York Times.*

. . . Judge O'Brien told the jury that "while no juror is required to surrender his conscientious convictions for the sake of reaching a verdict, the fact that his judgment is in the minority . . . should induce such a juror possibly to doubt the correctness of that judgment. . . ." – *From The Detroit Free Press.*

Signs and Portents

Great quantities of aspirin powder . . . have been ordered in recent months by companies and individuals who normally use little or no aspirin. These purchases are then in turn sold to German companies by the Argentines involved. – *From PM.*

Democracy in Action

Commander Vanderbilt was the Governor of Rhode Island and made an excellent reputation for himself because of the democracy displayed by him, his lovely wife and even the twins. It's said they spent a great deal of Daddy's campaign days leaning out of the limousine waving to passersby and endearing themselves to the Rhode Island populace. – *From the society page of The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Did the Bullets Boomerang?

According to the camp's public-relations office, a group of Negro soldiers, after a dispute with white troops, broke into a supply building in their battalion area, armed themselves with rifles and ammunition and began firing into the area occupied by the whites.

Camp authorities identified the dead soldier as Pvt. Norman Taylor, 20, a Negro of Rosedale, Kansas. The six wounded, also Negroes, were admitted to the station hospital for treatment of gunshot wounds. – *From an account of the recent rioting at a Greenville, Pa., army camp, in The New York Daily News.*

Total-War Department

OXFORD WILL BEGIN TO RATION BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS OCTOBER 1

– *Headline in Publishers' Weekly.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Public Opinion in Canada

SIR: I was in Canada at the time of the Darlan affair, and I witnessed the embittered disillusion of the people at the line our State Department took. In the ensuing weeks I saw an arc of public opinion from South of the Border to the Russian front. It will be in just such a vacuum as this that the fears of the anti-Russian elements in our country will be realized.

On my train, as I made the three-thousand-mile trip across Canada, were a most representative group of Canadians of the Ferry Command. I was surprised to find that Churchill is not popular with the rank-and-file Canadian. They consider him a brilliant war leader but his "Have and Hold" speeches and his imperialistic views are a constant source of irritation to the forward-thinking Canadians. The war is costing the Commonwealth too dearly for its people to entertain any thoughts of returning to the status quo.

New York City MARY B. SCOTT

How to Have Responsible Government

SIR: New Republic readers are probably one in knowing that we have only a lugubrious type of government at Washington, Congress and the President balanced against one another and held apart by envy and jealousy and outmoded conceptions of the duties and prerogatives of their respective offices. This makes all of us anxious about the peace to follow this war, when it is most doubtful that treaties negotiated by the President will be ratified in the Senate. What your readers are probably not agreed upon is the fact that this might all be corrected without a word of legislation or amendment of the Constitution.

Dr. Henry M. Wriston is wise in holding that a period of war, *now*, is the time to do such things. To win the war is the sole popular interest. Every step in that direction will be instantly approved. Devices tried and proved successful under stress of war, work even better in peace. He who has opportunity to engage in this play, and mopes and muffs the ball, will, by popular demand, be sent back to the minors. Therefore, should a plan be tried, and should it fail because of the failure of men, our present want of a system of procedure would come back, with such popular force behind it as to restrain any minority from captious rejection of the post-war treaties. On the other hand, there is no reason to assume that men will fail their responsibilities in a practical plan.

As soon as we achieve responsibility in our international affairs, morale will intensify among us and a new trust of us will prevail throughout the world. Peace will be brought much closer than it is today, peace on our terms. Thirty-five years' experience abroad teaches me that the world awaits such a United States. . . .

Such parliamentary responsibility as England founded long ago is what is wanted, a coalescence of our Congress and our presidency. To obtain it, let the President invite into the Cabinet *without portfolios* eight men out of Congress: the chairmen and *the minority leaders* of the House and the Senate Foreign Affairs Committees, the chairman and *the minority leader* of the House Ways and Means Committee, and the chairman and *the minority leader* of the Senate Finance Committee. All these eight men would be benchers in their official capacities in the Senate and the House. Through them, Congress would have *a priori* information on all details of our national and international affairs. Through them too, the President would work *en rapport* with the will of Congress. Even without portfolios, some or all of them could be assigned responsible duties under the President—just as Wallace has been assigned such duties. Such a government would be checked with the people every two years in our national elections. It would inspire complete confidence at home and abroad and its reward of merit would be world leadership. Then the tremendous post-war problems could be tackled and solved.

New York City W. JOHNSON

Paper Shortage, Poets and Postal Rates

SIR: As a physician, but at the same time a poet, whether good or bad is beside the question, a poet of some years' standing for whose work, strangely enough, there is a demand among the armed forces, I protest. I have a new book of poems which I want to have printed but, try as I may, all I get from the publishing houses is, Sorry, no paper.

Maybe they're lying, they don't want to publish me—but the excuse offered is said to be valid. There's no available high-grade paper on which to print books of poems.

That being the case, why, then, is the mail which I get as a physician flooded with advertising matter? Nine-tenths of it I never look at, nothing but a back-breaker for the carrier, but throw into the wastebasket like every other self-respecting doctor the moment I can identify it for what it is. There's a paper shortage; why don't the authorities make them cut out advertising, especially advertising through the mails during this stringency? Patriotism alone should dictate it.

For they ask us to buy bonds that we may avoid inflation, to save our cash, put it in the bank, not to make any unnecessary purchases whatever. Then they let these chiselers grab the very materials that should be used constructively, to do everything in their power to break down the government program, urging us to spend, spend, spend.

As a physician let me offer a cure. Raise the second, third and fourth-class mailing rates, raise them sufficiently to make advertising through the mails 50 percent less in volume than it is today. The saving would be enormous. At the same time, earmark one percent of all paper allotted to the publishers to be used in publications designed to lift the morale of the country instead of submerging it. This would pay dividends in heightened spiritual efficiency and we'd see more books, poetry among them, books actively sought after among the armed forces, something denied them now because "there is no paper on which to print them."

Rutherford, N. J. WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, M.D.

The Middle West and the Nation

SIR: I get a little nauseated at sectional diatribes such as L. M. Birkhead's "Report on the Middle West" [The New Republic, August 2]. I don't think you can lump together any section of the country and condemn it in such generalities. Conversely, I believe you could change the "Midwest" to read "East" or "South," alter a few of the names, and make out just as good a case. I invite a comparison between the plus votes of Wisconsin's Representatives with those of New Jersey, Connecticut or even upstate New York.

It's true that a lot of people out here consider the issues of the war remote, other than rationing and similar inconveniences for which they blame the administration. Local pastors inform

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me the soldiers are pretty cynical about the war; everyone fears the terrible post-war letdown and feels incapable of doing anything to prevent it.

These, I am convinced, are national, not sectional, symptoms, perhaps a little bit more pronounced in the Midwest because of its insular location and its tradition. The truth of the matter is that the administration, the press, the radio, labor and others have failed in preparing our people for a true understanding of what goes on in the world.

Racine, Wis. LOREN NORMAN, Editor, The Racine Labor

SIR: Mr. Norman has very considerately spared me the exertion of defending the main points of "Report on the Middle West." While complaining against "sectional diatribes," he nevertheless admits that the symptoms I criticized are "perhaps a little bit more pronounced in the Midwest."

But "a little bit" understates the case. For illustration, it is highly unlikely that such a unique establishment as the smugly nationalistic Chicago Tribune could flourish so emphatically and wield so dangerous an influence in any other section of the country.

I'll agree that the plus votes of progressive Wisconsin's congressmen would compare favorably with those of New Jersey, Connecticut or up-state New York. But I never regarded Wisconsin as politically typical of the Midwest—not so typical as Illinois, Missouri, Iowa or Indiana.

L. M. BIRKHEAD, National Director,
Kansas City, Mo. Friends of Democracy, Inc.

Philosophers, Tooth and Nail

SIR: Your issue of July 26 contains what, purporting to be a review by Paul Weiss of "The Philosophy of G. E. Moore," proves upon examination to fall below the level of competence your readers have come to expect from New Republic reviewers. . . .

Mr. Weiss finds time for a sneer at "professional intellectuals," but if professionalism in this field requires the precaution to be observed of not quoting authorities out of context it is perhaps not a bad thing. We are told that Rudolph Metz, "the distinguished historian of English philosophy," has called Moore a weak answerer, but we somehow fail to learn that the book from which the reference is taken contains a glowing tribute to Moore's eminence as a philosopher. "He is today," says Metz in 1935, "one of the most influential British thinkers, whose influence, felt in America as well as in England, is particularly powerful with the younger generation." Moore is a pioneer, a dominating personality, of the highest originality, who has rendered "inestimable service." All of which, coming from a critic by no means sympathetic with Moore's standpoint, sounds oddly unlike Weiss's talk of ". . . leader of an almost defunct school . . . one who is admittedly unfertile. . . ."

Can it be that Weiss does not know that Moore is the author of the one treatise on ethics ("Principia Ethica") which is, by the general consent of competent critics, the first classic in the field to appear in this century? Or are we to take his preposterous reference to Moore's later book as a "revision" of the first to be a sign that he has read neither? And are we to suppose, from his silence, that he is ignorant of the fact that no living philosopher has done more to foster standards of clarity and accurate expression, plain speaking and exact thinking, which remain a constant inspiration to those who have the wit to learn from him?

It would be a pity if at this time, when such qualities are needed as never before, the common reader, who would have much to learn from a study of Moore's methods, should be discouraged by the gratuitous vilification of such a review. . . .

The University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill. MAX BLACK

SIR: It is heartening to read Mr. Black's impassioned defense of Mr. Moore. Philosophers have so few friends. But the enthusiasm is, I think, unwarranted. Were Mr. Black to reread Moore's books and the volume under review, he will, I think, agree.

Mr. Black's addition to my quotation does not help. "One of the most influential British thinkers" is not necessarily—and in this case, is not as a matter of fact—a philosopher of consequence. The quotation I gave from Metz, incidentally, was commented on, as being substantially sound, by Mr. Moore. And Mr. Moore has himself stated that he was a very weak answerer and quite unfertile.

Clarity and accurate expression are of great value only if they are employed to illuminate something basic and vital. But as is evident from Mr. Moore's express comments on his own work, his interests are largely limited to the meanings of words. A true philosopher is interested in the nature of things.

Randolph, Vt. PAUL WEISS

Sorry, Mr. Bricker

SIR: In the article on "Bricker of Ohio" in the June 28 issue of The New Republic, on page 860, is the following statement: "But he got it [Ohio] out of debt by having enacted into law a three-percent sales tax."

The three-percent-sales-tax bill was enacted on December 7, 1934, and approved by the then Governor, George White, on December 13, 1934. The law went into effect on January 1, 1935, at the same time that Gov. Martin L. Davey took the oath of office. Bricker took the oath January 1, 1939.

Reynoldsburg, O. AUSTIN R. WHITMORE

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Irwin Harmon, of Detroit, says that The New Republic's supplement, "Reaction in Congress" (August 2, 1943) is one of the most valuable he has ever seen. " . . . As a resident of Michigan, where we probably have as poor congressional representation as any place in the country, I hope that it will be possible for a copy of this record to reach every available voter and sincerely suggest that some organized labor group . . . make this possible. . . . "

Martin Wolfson, of Woodridge, New York, calls our attention to the ". . . wave of propaganda for private enterprise now covering the land [like] one great miasma of confusion and deceit." John Chamberlain and Isabel Paterson, in his opinion, are spokesmen for the movement, which is creating hysteria in order to destroy President Roosevelt's New Deal. The New Deal seeks to destroy only one kind of private enterprise, "that of the monopolist. . . ."

The editors of The New Republic and other liberals are too ready to concede the demise of the New Deal. "In 1942 two-thirds of the families [in the United States] had an income of $1,500 or over . . . the highest general well being ever attained in this country." Since this social advance was attained under the New Deal, it may be taken as a sign that the New Deal is still alive. So holds W. C. Rose, of Ashland, Massachusetts.

We have been informed that the Schwimmer-Lloyd Collection of the New York Public Library, a collection of documents dealing with world peace movements and efforts toward international understanding compiled during the last seventy-five years, is being expanded to include material relevant to the present war. The Collection is soliciting letters, papers and other documents from European refugees which can throw light on recent international affairs.

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Books in Review

Luke Lea's Empire

THIS IS one of the very few serious American novels I have read since we entered the war. That, I suppose, is pretty faint praise at a time when most novels have been careless or trivial or written with one eye on the headlines, but there is more to be said about "At Heaven's Gate."[1] It is full of interesting characters, some of them new to contemporary fiction. Its background, which is a Southern city at the end of boom years, is freshly observed and convincing. Its author is Robert Penn Warren, a talented poet and story writer who has worked for years over this second novel, with the result that it is full of surprises for the reader; some of the passages are better written than anything else in recent fiction. Because of all these virtues, the book has to be judged by extremely strict standards. Here is an injustice that reviewers ought to explain and serious writers have to accept. Fourth and fifth-rate books get praised because they try to do so little that they could hardly fail. The almost first-rate books get severely blamed for trying to do much, even if they partially succeed.

I should say, for example, that Warren succeeds with his heroine. Sue Murdock is not one of his new characters; essentially she is the lost girl of the 1920's, the girl in the green hat, the heroine of "The Sun Also Rises" and "Butterfield 8." Warren's portrait of her is less moving than Hemingway's and less accurate in details than John O'Hara's, but he does one thing the others fail to do—that is, he gives a satisfactory explanation of how she came to be lost and what she has tried to escape. She is rebelling against her father; that is why she plunges into a series of love affairs and why two of them end abruptly when she finds that her lover is taking her father's place. There is Freud in the novel; there is also a good deal of high finance. Sue's father, Bogan Murdock, makes you think of Luke Lea, the banker and promoter whose empire used to extend over the Middle South. Her first lover, Jerry Calhoun, is a farm boy who becomes a football star and then a vice-president of a big Murdock bank. Her second lover is a self-centered esthete with no interest in financial affairs, but the third is a labor leader directing a strike against one of the Murdock industries. The most sympathetic portrait in the book is that of Ashby Wyndham, a mountain evangelist who, simply by being a sincere Christian, puts a sudden end to Murdock's reign.

Each of these portraits is convincing and some of them are brilliant, considered by themselves. The trouble with the novel as a whole is that it tells too many stories in too many styles. Here is a series of quotations that might easily have come from five different novels:

1. The river . . . came gleamingly out of the haze of distance to the south, and the tributaries converged toward it across the land. He knew the names, Big Duck, Little Duck, Holly Mill Creek, Still Deer, Pine-Away, and had heard, years back, or so it seemed, the ripple of their waters at dams, at fords, over stones, had felt it upon his wrists or about his ankles, and had called to friends across their easy widths.

2. Dust, it lays on the floor, under the goin forth and the comin in, and ain't nothin, and gits stirred up in the trompin, but a sunbeam come in the dark room and in that light it will dance and shine for heart joy.

3. "On this shoal water of morality, criticism, even when flying the Jolly Roger of estheticism, has foundered whenever it has undertaken to investigate the tragic theme."

4. He reckoned if you'd been around that baby much and had a dose of the hogwash he put out under the label of soothing syrup, it'd take you more than a pissing-spell to come to grips with reality and face the challenge and roll up your sleeves and spit in the palms of your hands.

5. . . . *and they put me to bed at dark every night and it was the man with the eyes always wet and sad behind the glasses and he said, my dear, it won't hurt, it won't hurt a bit, it—*

The first of these quotations is supposed to represent Jerry Calhoun's stream of consciousness, but actually it is Warren writing a poem, and a good one, about the land he loves. The second is part of Ashby Wyndham's long story, the best narrative writing in the novel. The third is Slim Sarrett, the esthete, composing an essay that might have been printed in The Southern Review. The fourth is a meditation by Sweetie Sweetwater, the labor leader, and seems to me completely false; the spit on his palms smells dry and bookish. The fifth is Sue Murdock in a drunken stupor, just before her death; she has nightmares like those of Faulkner's novels. In presenting each of these five people, Warren asks us to look at him through a different pair of glasses. The book lacks a unifying medium; it might have been written by five authors in collaboration, but also in violent disagreement.

The one element that holds it together is not a character or an idea or a point of view. It is a city, one that anybody can recognize as Nashville, Tennessee, with a few traits borrowed from Memphis—let us simply call it a state capital in the Middle South during a period of economic revolution. Warren lets us see all sides of it. Here is the social crowd; here are the politicians; here are the dispossessed farmers and the underpaid workmen; here is the university, which might be Vanderbilt, and the intellectuals who might have belonged to the Fugitive group; and here, dominating the others, is the dishonest but far-sighted promoter working to transform the whole region—to carry it from an area of agriculture and small handicrafts straight into the age of finance capitalism. Almost everybody suffers morally from the change; nobody feels at home; but even after Luke Lea's empire is destroyed, the city cannot go back to its old ways. That is the real subject of Warren's book, though I doubt that he ever regarded himself as a social historian.

MALCOLM COWLEY

[1] At Heaven's Gate, by Robert Penn Warren. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 391 pages. $2.50.

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Book-of-the-Month Dub

So Little Time, by John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 595 pages. $2.75.

WHEN A FEW YEARS AGO Joseph Warren Beach included John P. Marquand in his "American Novelists, 1920-1940," along with such writers as Hemingway, Dos Passos and Faulkner, I was moved to inquire, "What is he doing in that gallery?" Pressed by friends who did not share my astonishment at Marquand's being considered among the half-dozen important novelists of the period, I admitted that I knew him only through "Wickford Point," which I had found competent, in the derogatory meaning of the term, and unserious. (Mark Twain is a serious writer; Lloyd C. Douglas is not.)

"Ah," said my friends, "you should read 'The Late George Apley.'"

When "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" appeared I found the same heavy writing, characterization, manipulation of action and use of scene as in "Wickford Point." I said so.

"Ah, but you should read 'The Late George Apley.'"

Now in "So Little Time" Marquand writes of a well heeled literary hack, his family and his friends in the months between the invasion of Norway and Pearl Harbor. Here once more are paraded the upper-class bores and *arrivistes* to be laughed at, oh so easily and, oh God, at such length; the true gentlemen and the decent people of whatever class to be admired with the proper reticence. Here again is the tedious documentation of what people said, wore, sang, filled their stomachs, minds and houses with. (Someone will be sure to tell you that the description of that "awful couple's Rumpus Room 'alone is worth the price of admission.'") And again the prose that is so aggressively unassuming, and the pacing that is so doggedly leisurely. Once more the social, economic and ethical values of Main Street, Wall Street, Hollywood and Bohemia are rarefied and reconciled.

If, as someone is reported to have said, Henry James is the von Clausewitz of the novel, Marquand is its McClellan.

"Ah, but you should read 'The Late George Apley.'"

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Background to Danger

Under Cover, by John Roy Carlson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 544 pages. $3.50.

HERE IS the first documented description of the Nazi-fascist underworld in the United States, and the first authentic directory of the underground leadership by which our enemies still hope to cause revolution and possibly civil war.

You may cringe as you dig into this true tale of intrigue and personal danger; but dig you will—if you care two hoots about what becomes of America—because "Under Cover" is a genuinely startling exposé of the mechanics and pattern of a diabolical plot against the nation. It is must reading for anyone who would attempt to understand the relationship to the war of the confusing cross-currents of politics which flowed so openly before Pearl Harbor and now race swiftly just beneath the surface.

Perhaps I should blush just a little to offer what may be considered overextravagant praise for this book. The author, John Roy Carlson (which is not his real name)[1], has been good enough to mention my own efforts, and those of Friends of Democracy, Inc., in the struggle to counteract the constant drip of poison propaganda, but I am satisfied to give full rein to my enthusiasm because I find that I am by no means alone in regarding the book as a most important contribution to an understanding of what ails us.

A fascinating feature of the book is the simple manner in which Mr. Carlson has made seemingly unimportant episodes of the past stand out in strikingly important relationship to the whole revolutionary movement, which, for the first time, is pictured in its true aspect as an integrated whole, in which each of these little episodes—some of them may have seemed only slightly amusing at the time—fits perfectly into the complicated pattern.

For example, the picketing of the Senate Office Building by Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling's "mothers" during the fight against Lend-Lease may have seemed to many only a crackpot nuisance at the time it happened, but Mr. Carlson, who was there, fits the episode into its relationship with the underground cabal against the framework of the nation itself and the volcanic forces that already have produced bloodshed.

And the really "inside" information presented by this researcher will cause even the most complacent to pause and ponder upon the mysterious ways in which even the most capable of journalists and editors may be led unwittingly into propaganda traps.

For example, "Under Cover" causes one to realize with a shock that just within the past few weeks such an important periodical as The New Yorker and such a capable journalist as Joseph Mitchell helped to publicize, all unwittingly, and very amusingly, a dynamic figure in the underground anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic forces. The humorous profile, "A Spism and a Spasm," in The New Yorker of July 24, was good entertainment for the innocent and it presented the character of the Rev. James Jefferson Davis Hall, the "Bishop of Times Square," in a kindly and amusing light. But turn to the index of "Under Cover" and look up the Rev. James Jefferson Davis Hall. (Incidentally, the indices of "Under Cover" provide a practical working directory of the nationalist political movement in America today. There are five of these indices—a main index of names, a sedition-trial index, a special-subjects index, a congressional index and a "Geographical Fever Chart.")

There is a slight disagreement between Mr. Carlson and Joseph Mitchell over the Reverend's first name. Mr. Carlson calls him John Jefferson Davis Hall instead of James. This is unimportant. What is highly important is that this odd street-corner preacher, with his following of "reformed" criminals, bums and simple-minded innocents, has an important place in the New York divisionist propaganda, especially with "the anti-Catholic sect of Funda-

[1] Since Dr. Birkhead's review was written, The Chicago Tribune revealed, in the course of an attempted "smear" of "Undercover" that "John Roy Carlson" is Arthur Derounian. A vigorous effort has been made by Frank Gannett, anti-New Deal publisher and politician, to stop distribution of the book because it deals harshly with some of the associates of Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government. — THE EDITORS

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mentalists with which Colonel Sanctuary [Col. E. N. Sanctuary, who has been indicted for sedition] is associated."

Dozens of such examples, showing the relationship between seemingly innocent episodes and the divisionist propaganda might be cited.

Taken as a whole, the book is an excellent illustration of two important points: (1) that propaganda is a weapon more effective in many instances than bombers and tanks; (2) that all the "anti" propagandas—anti-British, anti-Semitism, anti-Russian, anti-Chinese, anti-internationalist—are involved and tied up systematically together in the attack on democratic civilization.

Mr. Carlson spent four years, and many moments of personal danger, in this strange political underworld. He managed to become a member of thirty-two subversive organizations, ranging from storm-troop elements and trained street fighters to the polite groups of subversion with a "Park Avenue" façade. He has produced a fascinating story, hard to set aside, showing the interplay of "crackpot agitators" and respectable fascists and involving all sorts and conditions of people. Powerful newspapers, religious leaders, industrialists, rabble-rousers, cultists and some criminals are linked in an understandable pattern.

Recently Dr. Carlos Dario Ojeda, Mexican member of the Emergency Advisory Committee for Political Defense, advised a group gathered at the State Department in Washington to be alert "because there still exist many subterranean currents of Nazi propaganda and espionage" in the Western Hemisphere. He warned that "we must remember that the Nazi agents always sow hate and disunion, turning the people against their government, and governments against their allies, the one class against the other."

This testimony is borne out by the detailed testimony of Mr. Carlson. The propaganda is carried on as vigorously as ever, although the "line" now is super-nationalist.

L. M. BIRKHEAD

Poets of Poetry

The Heritage of Symbolism, by C. M. Bowra. New York: The Macmillan Company. 232 pages. $3.75.

MAURICE BOWRA, having edited the Oxford text of Pindar, is a highly qualified interpreter of difficult poetry. His study of the "Iliad" marked an important step toward the solution of the Homeric problem by showing how a poet could impose his own design upon the most conventional body of technique and material. In turning from the classics to the moderns, Mr. Bowra's problem is to show how the most unconventional poets have managed to accumulate a tradition of their own. Symbolism has been the most centrifugal of literary movements; it has been defined by Remy de Gourmont, vaguely but officially, as individualism in literature; and Mr. Bowra has wisely chosen to appraise its heritage in terms of five distinct poetic individualities from as many different countries. A good introduction to their work, his book has the virtues of a running commentary. Never obtrusive, often helpful, sometimes pedestrian, he keeps his feet on the ground in a rarefied atmosphere. If he is less explicit about backgrounds and directions, if he reveals an Oxonian disregard for the scholarship in his field, still something of a pattern is suggested, if not formulated, by some of his critical cross-references.

The post-Symbolists served their apprenticeship during the *fin de siècle* and made their contribution in the years of *l'entre deux guerres*. Valéry was the immediate heir of Mallarmé, and his collected poems may well comprise an *art poétique* for his generation; but Mr. Bowra's epithet, "the poet of poetry," is not less apt for the other poets he goes on to discuss—Rilke, George, Blok and Yeats. Their shared ideal of pure poetry, historically reconsidered, is more easily appreciated: it was not a meaningless absolute, but a vital and gradual process whereby poetry purified itself from the extraneous matter that romanticism had burdened it with. The example of other arts, of musical harmonies or plastic images, helped poets to realize their formal responsibilities, as Rodin inspired Rilke. The rites of religion—Valéry's oracles, Rilke's angels, George's cult of Maximin, Blok's visions of a beautiful lady and Yeats's spiritualistic seances—fostered an esthetic mysticism. The myth of Orpheus, directly exposing the poet to his primary themes of love and death, seemed to define his position. He was the hierophant of an Orphic mystery, and a mystery is a craft as well as a rite.

"All art," as Yeats insisted, "is symbolic." But where other forms and styles utilize the symbol as a means of representation, the *symbolistes* viewed it as an end in itself. The world of realities, of things that symbols usually represent, is no longer with them; they beckon us into an unreal world where metaphors have no object, a fragmentary world where parts have lost their relation to a whole. Poets themselves cannot survive long in that region of the exclusively poetical, for the only way to discriminate between one symbol and another is to refer them back to reality. Though this criterion can reduce Yeats's gold and silver apples to Christmas-tree decorations, it can also interpret the dark augury behind George's snow-white and silver-white swallows. Anthropologists can trace the migration of cultures through a comparative study of their patterns of symbolism. What critics need, and what psychology and scholarship should combine to provide, is an iconography of literary symbols. Consider the permutations of the rose, gleaming through Rilke's "Rose-Window," enthroned in his sonnets, actually the cause of his death, "in aromatic pain"; compare "The Secret Rose," sought by some in God, by others in drink, by Yeats himself in Ireland; contrast Eliot's agony in the rose-garden.

Poetic faith can take strange shapes, can create mythical monsters like Rilke's unicorn. But it is harder to conjure up fresh images than to patch up "embroideries out of old mythologies": only Helen of Troy could symbolize Maud Gonne for Yeats. It is easier to charge the old emblems with new meanings: Valéry's serpent is less Miltonic than Freudian. And—since symbols are as inconstant as life itself—Valéry's young Fate, a classical figure, is superseded by Rilke's elderly dressmaker, Madame Lamort, trimming the cheap winter hats of destiny in Paris, the showplace of the world, the city of sorrow. Imagination prefers to linger in dead cities of the past, and Yeats abandons nature for the artifice of Byzantine goldsmiths; yet Blok's "Ravenna" evokes the shade of Dante, political exile and poet of the new life. And politics indicates the ultimate direction for both Yeats and Blok. Yeats recognizes, with mixed emo-

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tions, that "a terrible beauty is born." Blok's "Twelve" catches the rhythm of revolutionary slogans and Petersburg streets in the October night, but its most audacious symbol is the one most hallowed by tradition—Christ stepping down from his ikon to lead the Red soldiers toward a final apotheosis.

The inheritors of symbolism, caught up by the issues of the twentieth century, have surpassed the decadent masters from whom they learned their skill. Even the most isolated, Rilke, recorded a turning point in 1914, when he passed from "sight-work" to "heart-work," from mere appearances to deeper feelings. Duino Castle was shattered by the war, and the tower of Yeats's later period was no ivory tower. The most tragic experience was reserved for George: to be the prophet of a *Neue Reich* which converted his ephebic ideals into a *Hitlerjugend* and found another meaning for his favorite symbol, the swastika. He perceived how symbols are related to realities when he wrote: *"Ein Volk ist tot wenn seine Götter tot sind."* The poet's task is to keep those gods alive. His mind hovers between life and death, light and shade, like Valéry, the last of the post-Symbolists, soliloquizing among the tombs of his ancestors. After mid-day a wind rises, and again sails move across the Mediterranean *"Il faut tenter de vivre."* Mr. Bowra interprets this conclusion as a victory of action over thought. "The bonds which Mallarmé set between the poet and the public are broken," he adds. "Something of its old empire is given back to poetry."

HARRY LEVIN

On the Future of Europe

The Legacy of Nazism: The Economic and Social Consequences of Totalitarianism, by Frank Munk. New York: The Macmillan Company. 282 pages. $2.50.

DR. MUNK, formerly one of the ablest of the younger officials in the Czecho-Slovak government and now lecturer in economics at the University of California, has assembled in this book the admittedly fragmentary and often untrustworthy data available concerning Hitler's new economic and social order, and has undertaken to assay the abundant evil and the precarious good which Europe will inherit from Nazism. The evil, which is so revolting as to be beyond exact description, he leaves largely to implication. He is chiefly concerned to inquire how much of Hitler's works must, and how much profitably may, be turned to account by the post-war world.

For Hitler, like Goethe's Mephistopheles, must perforce do some good even while he wills evil. Just as Napoleon unintentionally did a good turn for Europe by sweeping away much of the feudal rubbish of early nineteenth-century Europe, so Hitler has swept away most of those remnants of nineteenth-century capitalism which are no longer *Lebensfähig*.

What he has set up instead, as Dr. Munk is at pains to point out, is in no sense a "unification" of Europe. Hitler has unified only such elements in Europe as could be fitted

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into a Command Economy. All the rest he has deliberately divided, that he might conquer. Nor is the economic system which he commands so unified as many suppose. It assumes many varying shapes, which themselves vary from time to time according to Nazi convenience. The Hermann Goering Works, employing 600,000 workers in twenty countries, is the most prodigious "privately" owned industrial combine in history. But there are also many varieties of "privileged" foreign-trade monopolies, compulsory cartels, public and mixed corporations and government holding companies which, though uniformly obeying the slave-driver's whip, still retain some measure of corporate individuality.

The individualities of these dissimilar forms of continent-wide trustification may to some degree survive the coming Nazi debacle and hence may be at hand to serve the most urgent needs of the bewildered European peoples at a time when precious little else will be left. The Nazi directors will of course be kicked out (or perhaps murdered), but the great mass of the skilled personnel and non-political technicians will remain, along with their habits of doing business on a continentwide scale. Dr. Munk hopes that United Nations authorities, with the collaboration of representatives of the European peoples, will be able to transform these Nazi weapons of tyranny into servants of a new economy.

He is convinced that "a return to laissez-faire in Europe would produce chaos, internal and international strife and ultimate new conflict. . . . The industries of a whole continent have been scrambled to such an extent that it will require almost superhuman capability to disentangle and reorganize them for peaceful pursuits." The German industrialist class, along with the large land-owning and military caste, must be definitely liquidated from history. "The whole bourgeois class in Europe will in the end succumb to the measures intended to annihilate the Jew. It may have been destroyed already—without knowing it." To whom, then, shall this Nazi industrial colossus revert? To international control—perhaps preserving the forms of joint-stock ownership. This is Dr. Munk's answer, and as soon as may be this control must come under the authority of some world Association of Nations.

For Dr. Munk seems to fear the future war-potential of European federalism, and passionately wishes to preserve European nationalism, while pooling "national sovereignties" in some world association. He denies that economic nationalism was a principal cause of this war, and does not believe that tariffs will be an important factor in stimulating another. "It is American depressions, not American tariffs, that are to be feared most."

Yet "success in rebuilding international trade is the key to successful post-war reconstruction," and "the problem of international investment . . . will prove to be the making or unmaking of the post-war world." To plan and channel such investment he proposes a World Reconstruction Corporation, similar in purpose to the international investment syndicate which Frank Vanderlip vainly urged in his book, "What Next in Europe?" back in 1920.

Dr. Munk's analyses of what Hitler's economy has done to the middle class, to the peasantry of Eastern Europe, to the system of private property and to European banking and currency are not to be recommended as pleasant reading for back-to-normalcy optimists. He knows this well, and fears that "too many people are afraid of winning" this war. Yet "the time is pregnant with options and opportunities."

HIRAM MOTHERWELL

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